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PRESENTED BY

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Charles H. Merrill
From his affectionate friend
& unit Lemuel H. Gilman
Lewiston Nov. 1866.

Yours Sincerely
John Oliphant

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS

OF

JOHN OLIPHANT,

OF

AUBURN, NEW-YORK.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

HIS FUNERAL SERMON,

BY REV. J. HOPKINS.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.

Solomon.

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Engd.
C. H. Marvin
Apr 24 35

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following publication originated in the desire, which many of the friends of Mr. Oliphant expressed to have him write an account of his Christian experience; and to add to it, his last counsel and advice. What he wrote agreeably to such solicitation, together with a few letters and reflections, is now printed, at the request of the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Auburn, of which he was a member.

PREFACE.

When Solomon says, "the memory of the just is blessed," he brings to view the principle which dictates, and justifies that species of publications, which preserves from oblivion, the virtues of those that are dead. Good men take delight in speaking, respectfully, of the righteous, who have departed this life; and, especially, of those with whom they were, intimately, acquainted, while living. In doing this, they pay due honour to the memory of those who deserve it; and the remembrance of their worth may, in various ways, prove a blessing to themselves. The meritorious dead, whose virtues may become, particularly, useful, by reviving the recollection of them, were not, always, found among those who held exalted places in church, or state; nor among those who astonished the

world, by the splendor of their public acts. Many, in the retired walks of life, have exhibited noble examples, of genuine godliness, that are, truly, worthy of imitation. By causing these to pass, in review, before the pious mind, much good may be effected, by way of instruction, of encouragement, or of delight.

The person, whose memory is wished to be preserved by this little volume, did not occupy any elevated station in society; nor did he exercise himself in great matters, or in things too high for him. But while he did not hold, and did not aspire to, any civil or ecclesiastical eminence, he so distinguished himself, by his pious conversation, and amiable manners, as to obtain a high place in the affections of a large circle of religious acquaintance.

During Mr. Oliphant's last affliction, his disease, as will be seen from his own narrative, was of such a nature as to lead him, and all around him, to expect that the next moment would summon him away.

His pious friends viewed his situation with deep anxiety; and with much distress of mind, did they anticipate the time, when they should be deprived of his fellowship on earth. Having often been animated, and comforted, by his friendly, and edifying, conversation, they were led, frequently, to request him to write an account of his religious experience; and also, to add to it, such counsel and advice, as he saw proper to give, in view of his entering into his rest, and leaving them, in this world of trial. To those who made this request, he replied, that he had been an unprofitable servant—that his life would be a poor example—and that he could not write any thing, worthy of notice. But their importunity could take no denial. Feeling, very sensibly, that this request was dictated, and urged, by the partiality and affection, of real friendship, he, in a good-humoured way, agreed to do what he could; and set about it, while much afflicted with bodily disease.

What Mr. Oliphant wrote, in compliance with the earnest, and repeated, solicitations of his christian friends, will be found, on the following pages, in the same order, and in the same style, in which he left it. It has been suggested, that an alteration, in the arrangement of the matter; and in some sentences, words, and phrases, might be, profitably, made; but as he wrote to gratify those who were familiarly acquainted with his mode of thinking, and of expressing himself; and who desired to have a memorial of one, whom they highly esteemed, "taking him for all in all," it is concluded to do little more than to change a few words and expressions, to avoid repetition.

There is no circumstance which seems, in any way, to intimate that Mr. Oliphant, ever, indulged the thought of appearing, before the world, as an author, except it should be in complying with the request, which has been stated above. But how far this manifested any idea of the kind, is

very obvious. He wrote to gratify his friends; and left what he had written, to be disposed of by them, as they should deem proper and useful. The responsibility of printing what he wrote, rests wholly upon his friends; and they assume it most cheerfully, as they feel persuaded that this publication will be productive of good.

But, it may be asked, what are the particular benefits which are expected to be derived from the present volume, when Biographies of men, distinguished for public zeal; for acts of munificence; for voluntary privations of friends and country; and for toils and hardships, in lands of strangers, and idolaters; are constantly thrown before the religious community? If any satisfactory answer can be given to this question, it is thought that the language in which the question is dressed, obviously suggests it. The most of the Biographies, which are making their appearance, recite the actions of those who have moved in peculiar circles, or been employed in peculiar

works of benevolence. They do, indeed, exhibit many noble examples, which are calculated to arrest the attention of such persons, as find themselves in circumstances, similar to those in which the individuals were placed, whose deeds they record. But alas, too many, who are embarked in the ordinary business of life, do not consider the lives of these distinguished persons, as affording examples for them to imitate. With respect to what is contained in this volume, it exhibits religion as it has existed, and as it may still exist, among persons in the common walks of life. In this respect, it is supposed, that it may conduce, in a peculiar manner, to the edification of many, who are engaged in the usual employments of the world, and feel that they must remain in their present callings. But should there be a mistake, in supposing that this publication will be of general use among that portion of society, to which allusion has been made; there is a great number of Mr. Oliphant's particular ac-

quaintance, who consider this memorial, of the good man, as being valuable to them; and believe that it will be of benefit to their families.

It may not be improper, just to allude to the customs of some of the dissenters, in England, with respect to the manner in which persons were introduced into the gospel ministry; that many, in this country, who may read the following pages, may better understand what Mr. Oliphant says, concerning his supplying a congregation at Mill-Hill; and afterwards, contemplating a course of study preparatory to the ministry.

Previous to the time when Mr. Oliphant entered on his religious course, it was not uncommon for a young man, when he professed to have experienced a change of heart, to be urged, by some of his acquaintance, to "exercise his gifts," in praying, exhorting, and even preaching; and "to go forward"—Many, of weak minds, and of little knowledge, complied

with these solicitations, and, without much cultivation, continued in the ministry, to the disgrace of the sacred office, and reproach of religion. To correct the evil of this practice, seminaries had been opened, in different places, for those who had strong desires to preach; and such were urged, by the reflecting and judicious, to avail themselves of the advantages which were thus afforded for obtaining useful knowledge.

At the time of Mr. Oliphant's conversion, there was a considerable improvement, in the public opinion; and the greater portion of the young men, who turned their attention towards the ministry, felt the importance, and necessity, of submitting to a course of academical instruction, before they became established as public, and stated, teachers. It remained, however, the practice, for the candidates, before they were introduced into one of these seminaries, to exhort and preach, for a season, in some society. At the time of

the candidate's seeking admission into the seminary, it was required that he should produce testimonials of his religious character, and of his natural qualifications to teach, from respectable individuals, and the society with which he had been connected. This being done, he was examined, by a committee of the Institution, composed of ministers and laymen, on his experimental acquaintance with religion: And frequently, did this committee make trial of the candidate's qualifications as a public speaker. This was particularly the case at the Institution at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, near London.

Mr. Oliphant being urged by persons, whom he considered judicious, "to exercise his gifts, and to go forward"—he listened to their advice—supplied a congregation at Mill-Hill, for a season—offered himself as a candidate to be admitted into the seminary at Cheshunt—and received permission to enter. But he paused at the threshold—and after a se-

vere struggle of mind, came to the conclusion that the Lord did not require his service, as his ministering servant. He does not state, in his narrative, the particular circumstance which led him to this conclusion; but it is well known, and no impropriety is felt, in stating it here. While at Mill-Hill, his services had been viewed by Christians, in a very favourable light, and they had been, apparently, blessed to the conversion of several sinners. This had encouraged him to hope that the Lord would make use of him, in building up his spiritual kingdom. But about the time, when he was preparing to enter the Seminary, a person, of some note, who had been, hopefully, converted, under his preaching, gave evident signs of being a stranger to the power of godliness. This had a depressing influence on the spirits of Mr. Oliphant, and led him, however erroneous it might have been, to conclude that the Lord did not approve of his service, as a preacher. At different times,

during his after life, he expressed an apprehension that this conclusion might have been rash. Many will pronounce it incorrect—but as it respects him, the discussion of it, now, is of no use. It evinced the tenderness of his conscience, at the time, and all that need be said here, is, that this circumstance led him to give up a course of study which he deemed necessary to prepare him for usefulness in the ministry.

The piety of Mr. Oliphant was of such a character, as that by a due improvement of the natural powers which he possessed, he might have been a respectable and useful minister. He was certainly an exemplary Christian, after his arrival in this place—a good member of society—and a useful officer in the First Presbyterian Church at Auburn.

This volume consists of two parts:

I. A narrative of his past life, written by himself; together with a short account of the religious state of his mind, from the time in which he closed his narrative, to

the end of his life; furnished from his own papers, and the memoranda of some of the members of his family, who constantly attended him.

II. Addresses, Letters, and Reflections.

The preface was written by the Rev. D^r Matthew LaRew Perrine, Prof. of Ecclesiastical History of the Auburn Theo. Sem. He also compiled these brief memoirs.

MEMOIRS, &c.

PART I.

Being desired by some of my friends, whom I love, and hoping it may be for the honour of the blessed God, I feel willing to state what the Lord has done for me, and the way in which he has led me through the wilderness of this world. The state of my health is such, that it is not probable I shall be able to finish what I now undertake. In my own eyes, it is of little consequence whether I do, or do not; and it can only be of importance, if I shall, in any way, promote the glory of the most precious Redeemer.

The incidents of my life have, in no respects, been very remarkable, and at no time have I aspired after great things. The best part of my life has been wasted; and if no flesh can glory in His presence,

I feel that my place is in the dust, to be abased, and to lie very low before the most Holy God for ever.

I was born March 7th, 1771, in the city of Carlisle, county of Cumberland, in the north of England. My parents were respectable, and I think lived happily together; but neither of them knew any thing of vital religion, while I was with them; but I have reason to believe they both submitted to the Saviour, in their advanced years, and after I left them. I judge thus from report, and from letters received from them, in their declining years. I think as early as when I was in my tenth or eleventh year, I was much affected under the word, and frequently so much so as to weep; but I now think it arose chiefly from the fear of death, or of hell. At times I made resolutions against some particular sins, but they had no abiding influence.

About this time, Mr. John Wesley came to Carlisle, and my mind was much drawn

out towards him, and his doctrines; but my heart was unaffected with the love of God. Under the entire control of the world, and self gratification, I arrived in London March 20th, 1789, aged eighteen years. Frequently, I had such convictions of my sins, as to render me unhappy. My two brothers, who resided in the city, were accustomed to attend the Presbyterian meeting house, near Covent Garden, where the doctrine of God's Sovereignty was ably sustained. I of course went with them to their place of worship—but endeavoured to reason with them, and to defend my previously received sentiments. But they reasoned with me from the scriptures, until my prejudice against the glorious doctrines of God appeared to subside. After this, I went to hear the Rev. Thomas Wills, at Silver-street Chapel, principally, as I now judge, because he was dignified in his manner, and very eloquent in the pulpit. I sat constantly under his ministry—assenting to the high doctrines of the

Gospel, but felt that my heart was hardening. I could commit sin with ease; and believed in a certain kind of fate. I considered my case as hopeless, and felt that I was given over to a reprobate mind. I knew I grew harder and harder in sin, and could, and did, commit it with greediness. I held the truth in unrighteousness, and believed myself only preparing for hell. I blamed the Almighty for my existence, and wickedly laid the charge of my guilt and misery at his door. O, it was truly dark, before day.

I have now come to the most important part of my life; wherein I believe the Almighty was pleased, of his abounding mercy, to make himself known to my soul, as he does not to the world. It was on a Sabbath, on New-Year's day, in 1792. I awoke about four in the morning, and fell into a train of thought, on my miserable way of life, with its fearful consequences, that filled me with amazement. I wept exceedingly, and although in despair, I

cried "save, Lord, or I perish"—I felt I was without hope, and without God, in the world. I despised myself, and had some sense how contemptible I must appear in His eyes, with whom I had to do. After breakfast, I went to Silver-street Chapel: Mr. Charles Buck read the prayers, and I perfectly well remember, that while he was reading the general thanksgiving: "We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but above all for thine inestimable love, in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory"—I was cursing the day that I was born. I was convinced that God hated me, as I, certainly, hated him. I blasphemously insulted him for my "creation, and preservation," and as to "redemption, means of grace," or "hope of glory," it looked, in my view as if he was mocking me, before I was shut up in outer darkness. These were my feelings, as near as I can recollect. Mr. Wills enter-

ed the pulpit, and took his text from Exodus, xvi. chapter, 15th and 16th verses—"And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna: for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat. This is the thing which the Lord hath commanded, gather of it every man according to his eating; an omer for every man, according to the number of your persons, take ye every man for them which are in his tents." At first the text, and subject, appeared somewhat insipid; but after he had made some progress in his discourse, it became surprisingly interesting to me. He began by stating, that the children of Israel were brought out of Egypt with a high hand; and proceeded to show how wonderfully they were brought through the Red Sea—how kindly they were supplied with water at Marah, and that now he was giving them bread from heaven. He spoke of the necessity for, and the

nourishing nature of, this bread. I well remember when he had finished what he had to say on the history, or the facts in the case, he said, "I dare say some of you, my dear brethren, are going before me, and are anticipating what I have yet to say, in this discourse." I mention this because it was remarkable, and new for me, to anticipate, as I did in this instance, what would follow. He spoke of the dealings of God with Israel, as typical of the experience of his children in every age, and of the manna as a type of the blessed Saviour. I began to feel, although very vile, as if I could cry, "Save, Lord, or I perish;" and prayed that he would pardon all my sins, and create a clean heart within me. As my minister went on exalting the Lamb of God, my feelings were much excited. I wept exceedingly; and the tears flowed so profusely, that I could not look up at the preacher. However, I thought I would try, and accordingly, after wiping my face as well as I could,

I did so ; and appearing to look right at me, he said, " O precious Christ, O none but this Christ for a poor sinner." I think the language of my heart was immediately, and from that time forward, " O precious Christ, O none but Christ for me." I was entirely overwhelmed with the love of Jesus. I wondered at him. I forgot myself, and forgot there was any hell. I believe I said, in my heart, I will part with all, dear Lord, and follow thee. The world and its concerns were forgotten. My whole soul was absorbed with love to the most precious Redeemer. I felt as in a new world. Old things had passed away, and the very countenances of the children of God, in the Chapel, had a different appearance. After the sermon, Mr. Wills gave out the 39th hymn in the Countess of Huntington's collection :

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak—but thou art mighty,
Hold me by thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heaven ! bread of heaven !
Feed me now and ever more.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong *Deliv'rer!* Strong *Deliv'rer!*
Be thou still my *strength and shield.*

When I tread the verge of *Jordan*,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heav'nly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing,
Come my Jesus, quickly come
Here vanity is all I see,
Lord, I long to be with Thee!

Never before had I experienced such feelings as pervaded my mind, during the singing of this hymn. Such were my emotions, that I was unable to join in singing the first part of the hymn; but I felt a thrill of pleasure in uniting with the congregation in the last verse;

Fills my soul with holy longing,
Come my Jesus, quickly come.
Here vanity is all I see,
Lord, I long to be with Thee!

To this hour, I know of no hymn that has afforded me so much pleasure in all my travels through the wilderness. After worship I immediately went home, much in prayer; and when I was going through Smithfield, near the top of Hosier Lane, and where the Martyrs were burnt, in the reign of Mary, I had such a view of myself, of my pride and lust, as I never had before. My heart was such a sink of corruption, in my own eyes, that it made me stand still in the street; but the Saviour appeared so precious to me, that I was supported under it. Indeed, the first words I ever heard to effect, were an answer to every thing: "O precious Christ, O none but Christ for me." I conferred not with flesh and blood—and think I felt no hesitation in saying, "the Lord he is God." I was not conscious of indulging any hope. Indeed, I thought it impossible that the Lord could pardon or love me; yet I felt fixed in my heart, to love and honour Him, whatever he pleased to do with me.

On Monday evening, January 2d, 1792, I kneeled down, for the first time, to pray in secret, but did not use my voice. I could do nothing but weep, praying for mercy, and that the most precious Saviour would keep me from going back, and dishonouring him as I had done. I believe I prayed in this manner for more than a month; I mean without using my voice. About this time, all the discourses I heard, seemed directed to me. I heard nine sermons on Regeneration, by which my views on this subject were very much enlightened. I left my old companions entirely, and found myself in company more agreeable to my taste. The children of God began to talk to me as if I were a Christian. I could not look upon myself as such, and would say—how can the Lord put me among his children? It appeared to me impossible. I well remember, that about this time, on waking one morning, my soul thirsted for God, and I felt a tender freedom, a sweet confidence,

and a peculiar pleasure in looking to the Saviour. The chains that bound me to my sins seemed broken ; the word of God appeared to me an entirely new book—I esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food—the promises, and doctrines of the Bible sparkled with glory—but after all, I thought it incredible that the Lord should put me among his children.

At this time I was strongly inclined, and was urged by the children of God, to go and see Mr. Wills. I went several times into the street, but had not courage to knock at his door. At length, however, I believe on the 16th of February, I went to see him, was introduced, and told him I had come on purpose to speak to him about my soul. He desired me to sit down and tell my story. I gave him a sketch of my whole life, but dwelt more particularly on what had occurred since New-Year's day. He let me go on without interruption until I had closed my narra-

tive, and I thought he was much in prayer for me. When I had finished what I had intended to say, I asked him this question: Do you believe the Lord has had any hand in all this? He replied, "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes; bless the Lord for what he has done, and trust him for what he will yet do." I returned home and tried to do as desired, but found I could not; for I could not believe that the most holy God had begun a work of grace on my heart, or that he could, in any way, put me among his children.

The same evening, I went to Black Horse Alley, in Fleet-street, and heard a discourse from John, vii. chapter, 46th verse—"Never man spake like this man," and I think I had some rising hope, that evening, in my heart, that the Lord would have mercy on me. From the first, my mind was intent on reading the Scriptures, especially, the prophecies of Isaiah, and the life and death of our Saviour. Often have I read, and wept, and prayed, and

wept again, while musing on the love of Christ. The preciousness and glory of his promises have overwhelmed me. When I did read any thing besides the Bible, I was greatly favored in being directed to such books as proved a blessing to me. Luther "on the Galatians," Gammon's "Christ the Christian's life," "Polhill's Christos in Corde," &c., were among the number.

Soon after this, I became much impressed with the importance of attending the Lord's Supper. I mentioned it to Mr. Wills and some of the children of God, and they appeared to think it my duty. I accordingly did so, for the first time, May 6th, 1792, and united myself with the children of God, worshipping in Silver-street Chapel. Surely the Lord smiled on me, and I felt encouraged to dedicate myself to the most holy Lamb of God. His very name was "as ointment poured forth," that cast a richness, and sweetness, and fragrance, into every ordinance, public and

private. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, to him gave all the prophets witness;" and hence the old and new Testaments are full of Christ, and become so nourishing to the children of God. From this time, I was enabled to go forward, and sometimes to speak good of his name. For the first year, I went nearly every day or evening, to some place of worship—On the Sabbath, to Silver-street; Monday, to a prayer meeting in Monmouth Court; Tuesday, to Mr. William Romain's, at St. Ann's Church, Blackfriars; Wednesday, to a Society meeting at Silver-street; Thursday, to hear preaching at the same place; Friday, to hear Mr. Cecil or Foster, at St. Antholin's; Saturday, to the Tabernacle, Moorfields; and I think if ever any of the sons of men knew any thing of true happiness, I did during this season.

After I began to use my voice in prayer, I was often urged to visit the sick, and pray with them; and I found it both pleasant and profitable. When I had been one

year engaged in this way, I was chosen a visiter of the sick, at their own habitations; and from this time, I could not go to hear so much, as my time was much occupied in visiting, and relieving, the sick, and poor, at their own houses. I continued employed in this good work for some time, I think profitably, until some of the people of God began to press me to exhort and go forward, with a view to the ministry. I was much encouraged by some friends who, I thought, were truly pious, and who had a good share of wisdom. I yielded to their solicitations; found my mind much enlarged in the Scriptures; felt much freedom in speaking, whenever opportunities presented; and waited to know the will of the Lord concerning this business. The Missionary Society was formed soon after this—the feelings of the children of God were much drawn out towards the heathen—I became acquainted with several who offered themselves as missionaries to go in the Duff to Otaheite—my soul was

knit to them, and I felt as if I could go any where, or do any thing, for the honour of the most precious Redeemer. The Duff, however, sailed while I was supplying a congregation at Mill-Hill, a small village about ten miles north of London.

It was my full intention, if I went into the ministry, to have a collegiate education; and after I had spoken at Spafields Chapel, in the presence of the trustees of Cheshunt College, and in the hearing of Lady Ann Erskine, who politely sent for me to her house, I was informed that the College was open for me, free of expense. Thus the way was opened for my obtaining an education. While this seemed to favour my wishes, some peculiar circumstances soon transpired, which convinced me, that it was not my duty to prepare for the ministry.

Having come to this conclusion, I thought it best to marry; and having been long acquainted with Miss Ruth Thompson, I was married to her on the 6th of

April, 1795, at St. Martin's Church, under the most auspicious circumstances, and with the full consent and approbation of our parents on both sides. After this happy connection, I soon found that I was inexperienced, and unstable as water, though I think I enjoyed religion for two years, or two and a half years, after my marriage. It then became evident, that I had lost nearly all sweet enjoyment of God. I had greatly relaxed in secret prayer—was off my guard, and began to fall an easy prey to sin. I began to associate with vain companions, and, of course, did not reverence the Sabbath, as I had formerly done. The cares of the world loaded me down, and I sought comfort in that which I knew was offensive to God. My conscience often smote me; but I still retained the form of prayer, with my wife and children. My spiritual father, Mr. Thomas Wills, died—I did not love his successor, at Silver-street—I became a rambler, on the Sabbath—and having "itching

ears," I became fond of variety in preaching; and sought it to my hurt. I injured my wife and children, by my example; and became involved in the fashions, and pleasures of the world. I could distinctly perceive, how greatly I had forsaken my own mercy; but was so entangled, that I had no heart to return.

About this time, I became a violent republican, and joined the London corresponding society. I became alarmed for the country, and was not without fear for my own safety, which, together with other circumstances, induced me to turn my attention to America. I accordingly left London, July 23d, and arrived at New-York, September 10th, and in Auburn October 11th, 1811. While on the voyage, these words were somewhat sweet to me: "Thou shalt sing again as in the days of thy youth." After I arrived at Auburn, and became somewhat settled, I began to look at my ways, and to see from whence I had fallen; but how to return, or how to

look up, I knew not. My case appeared gloomy, and almost hopeless. I attended the ministry of the Rev. David Higgins, and think it was profitable to my soul. I began sincerely to repent before the Lord, and to hate myself. for my wasted life. I truly felt it to be an evil, and a bitter, thing to sin against the Lord. The sin I committed in early life, that is, before 1792, appeared to be nothing when compared to that which I had committed since. After the great Redeemer had shewn me so much love, and had been so precious to me, to have spent my time in the service of sin and Satan, and not to have improved the opportunity which I enjoyed, of doing good, appeared to me unpardonable. My spot did not appear like the "spot of God's children." Sometimes, when under a deep sense of my ingratitude, and defilement, a thought would possess my heart, that he can-not put me among his children. The iniquity of Peter, or David, looked small in my eyes, when compared to my own, and

I longed, and endeavoured, to attain their repentance. I felt that my business was, alone, with God; and went to Him with weeping and supplication, and I hope, and believe, relying on the One that is mighty to save. He gave me, at length, some access to his presence, through the sprinkling of the most precious blood of Jesus. From this time, I began to associate with the few people of God living in Auburn, and to pray with them; and became a kind of yoke-fellow with Deacon Silas Hawley, in public, and private, prayer meetings. I did not, however join the Church, until the Rev. Mr. Woodruff was settled over us; I think, in 1813—and was chosen a Ruling Elder, in the Church, in 1814. I sometimes enjoyed sweet nearness to God, but could never forgive myself, for my former indifference to His cause.

In 1816, a difficulty arose in the Church, with respect to our minister, Mr. Woodruff; and although, I acted according to the best of my judgment, I have since thought

that I was influenced by an unbecoming spirit. Mr. Woodruff was dismissed, and the Society gave a unanimous call to the Rev. D. C. Lansing, who arrived among us, March, 1817. We had just finished a very convenient Church, and it was dedicated by Mr. Lansing, to the service of God, on the sixth day, of the same month. I soon began to feel a very remarkable "oneness of spirit," and a union with him in prayer, that I had never known before. Our souls appeared knit together, present, or absent. His deep humility was greatly blessed to me. I felt, anew, to repent before the Lord, over my useless, and wasted, life. In the mean time, the most glorious God was coming nigh to us, as a Church, and, at our communion, in May, 1817, the Lord was evidently present. The children of God appeared very humble—there was much prayer, and on the following Sabbath, May 11, when the communicants rose up, before the whole congregation, confessing our sins, and re-

newing our covenant, that we, as a Church, would serve the Lord in newness of life, the presence of the glorious Redeemer, was manifested—the Church were in tears—the world were amazed—and I believe, eternity will unfold glorious things, that were done on that day. The brethren, and sisters, began to visit from house to house; and the Lord was with us, wherever we went. In less than a fortnight, there were more than twenty of our neighbours, triumphing in a most precious Redeemer.

I had never seen, or felt, any thing like this, never having been in a revival of religion; and the effect, produced on my own mind, was very salutary. I was so fully employed, either in visiting sinners under conviction, or in praying with those in distress, that I almost forgot myself. The Saviour appeared precious—his work sweet—eternity every thing, and time nothing. The reality, and substantiality, of unseen things were more clear, than they

ever had appeared before; and while my views of myself were more abasing, I think, I had more distinct, and soul satisfying, conceptions of the holy way of salvation, through the atoning blood of a crucified Redeemer. Never have I, wholly, lost the relish, or the savor, that through grace, I obtained, at that time. I believe that there were more than two hundred souls added to the Church, as fruits of that revival.

I have had a good deal of affliction, in my family, but I never had any peculiar illness myself, till 1819, when I was laid aside by a bilious fever, and brought very low. Then, for the first time, I was led to take a near view of death. At first, I acknowledge, I was greatly staggered. I could not reconcile my wasted life, with the reality of my conversion, in 1792—but after a few days, I felt the most precious Redeemer, to be my refuge, and the home of my heart. The Lord was graciously pleased to restore me to health.

Since that time, the infirmities of age have been creeping upon me; but blessed be the name of the Lord, I am a witness, that he is good, and a strong-hold in trouble—"Blessed are all they, that put their trust in Him."

For some years, after 1819, great seriousness continued to prevail, and the spirit of the Lord was evidently working among us. In the following respect I was greatly to blame—I did not lay out myself, for God, as, I now feel, it was my duty to have done. Many of my neighbours, that are now gone to eternity, and to whom I had easy access while living, I might have warned of their danger; and might have pointed them, to a crucified Saviour, had I not been wanting in energy, or in love to the Lamb of God, or to the souls of men. I feel that I utterly failed in my duty, in not urging sinners to repentance; and in not visiting and comforting the Lord's children. For all my sins, of omission, as well as commission, I now have to fly,

afresh, to the fountain opened for all sin and uncleanness.

In 1826, we had again a very precious revival, and the Lord wrought wonders among us; but during this season of refreshing, He was pleased to lay on me, his afflicting hand. In my right leg I suffered much pain; but felt sweet peace in my soul. I rejoiced, to be in my Sovereign's hand; and felt willing to live or die. When my affliction became so extreme, that I could not get out of bed, or attend to family worship, my eldest daughter came daily into my room, and prayed with me. I observed, for a time, that in her addresses to our Father, her mind seemed fixed on Psalm xxxvii. 4: "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thine heart." At first, I wondered, at her, that, while appealing to Him, for the truth of his being the delight of her soul; and, while pleading the faithfulness of his promise, she would simply express a desire that I might re-

cover, and be a blessing to my family, the Church, and the world. But I soon discovered, that when the danger appeared more imminent, as my leg did actually begin to mortify, her importunity for my recovery became greater. About this time, the Rev. Mr. Lansing came in, and prayed with me. He entreated the Lord, that I might live, and stand upon my feet, in the house of God; and that he might hear my voice, in prayer. When he closed his prayer, I reproved him for what he had done; as the will of the Lord appeared to be clearly expressed, that I should, immediately, pass over to eternity. He replied, "father Oliphant, I have not given you up—the Lord can do every thing—and I shall, yet, hear you sing, and pray." On the following morning, when the physicians called to examine my leg, they removed a part of the mortification, and said that the flesh below was sound; and, in about a week, I was pronounced out of danger. I am satisfied, that these were

instances of the prayer of faith—and, I am also satisfied, that it was neither my faith, nor my prayer; for, with regard to myself, I was in a straight betwixt two—having a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which was far better than to remain here. I can recollect, I felt perfectly pleased, with the will of the Lord, let him do as he would with me. I gradually recovered my health. What eternity will unfold, on the subject of my being useful to the Church, or the world, since 1826, I cannot say; but this much I know, that the Redeemer is most precious, and his ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace.

In the fall of 1830, I had a severe cold, and was afflicted with violent fits of coughing. In one of these, I felt some injury, or rent in my breast, and soon discovered a small swelling, or lump, a little to the right of the middle of my breast bone.

In December, I began to feel a strong pulsation in this lump, and, the week before

Christmas, I showed it to my physicians, who told me it was an aneurism, or rupture of the blood vessel, near the heart—that the affliction would prove fatal—that physicians could render me no important service ; and that my business, henceforward, was to close my concerns for this world ; and to be in readiness to pass over to eternity. The impression I got, was that, in all probability, my stay in this world, would not be more than two, or three, weeks ; and, perhaps, not so long a period. When I first received this information, and began to believe it, I felt a strange chill go through my whole frame ; and when I went to pray, about it, I was, indeed, greatly cast down. I could not get near to God---had no sweet access to his throne—and became alarmed, lest the Lord was going to deal with me according to my deserts ; and to put me into the grave, in the dark. The thoughts of my wasted life, and of being treated, as I deserved, in my dying hours, appeared dreadful, be-

yond description. But, blessed, forever, be his glorious name. He was not far from me---He was only waiting to be gracious---he was, indeed, ready to hear my prayer---for in about twenty-four hours, and while I was urging my supplication before his throne, I became overwhelmed with a sense of the compassion of my dearest Lord. The mountain became a plain —the obstacles, that prevented my access, were removed—He did, indeed, appear to be a gracious Father, through the Son of his love. I felt confidence in him, and rolled myself upon him. I blessed him, and loved him, for giving me such a kind intimation of his will, in the prospect of his taking me so speedily, and sweetly, over to eternity. The fear of death was, in a great measure, taken away—the Redeemer appeared, afresh, precious, and I could, and did, say, whom have I in heaven but Thee. The world began to wither, more than ever, in my view ; and looking at my affectionate wife and children, I

could say, I can part with all, dear Lord, and follow Thee.

Immediately after this, I obtained sweet peace in believing, and found, as I hope, things pretty well arranged for eternity, through the blood of the Lamb. I set about settling my worldly affairs; and visiting some of my friends, desiring to tell them, what the Lord had done for me; and what pleasant intimation I had, that I should shortly see his face; and bow among the blessed, before his glorious throne.

I think, that if I ever was of any use, it has been since my last affliction, and the discoveries which the blessed God, has made of himself to my soul. The joy of the Lord has been my strength: And, now, language fails me, while I bow, and bless a most gracious and sovereign God, who has been carrying on a most blessed revival, ever since he has laid me aside; and at this time, while I am waiting my departure, one hundred and fifty of my fellow

beings, including two of my sons, and two of my daughters, are dedicating themselves to the service of God, and entering into covenant with his children, to be the Lord's forever. O, my soul is towards them, that offer themselves, willingly; and although I cannot commune with them here, it looks to me, but a few minutes, before we shall bow together before the Lamb, in the midst of the throne; and sup together, in our Father's kingdom.

Auburn, May 1, 1831.

From the date of the foregoing narrative, it appears that Mr. Oliphant finished it May 1, 1831. He lived to December 8, of the same year. During this period, he enjoyed, for the most part, a sweet composure of mind, and an unshaken confidence in God, as his portion. A circumstance occurred about the last of May, which he notices, as will be seen in his Reflection on the near View of Eternity,

that seemed for a moment to disturb his mind, and to interrupt his intimate communion with God. He had given up his family, and all his worldly interests, and was, constantly, waiting the coming of his Lord, when a female acquaintance happened to remark to him, that she knew a man afflicted with an aneurism upwards of twenty years, and gave it as her opinion that, with proper care, he might live a long time. This, says Mr. Oliphant, "had such an effect on my mind that, in three days, when attempting to pray, I felt as if the whole world had come in between the Lord, and my soul; and I could not find access to his throne." But on June 5, he uses this triumphant language: "I feel that the Lord restoreth my soul, and giveth me the pleasure of lying at his feet—willing to wait, or willing to go—having no anxiety as to the time, or mode of my death."

On June 25, he thus writes, as will be seen in his Reflection on Death: "I take

pleasure in anticipating my entering the valley of the shadow of death; I calmly watch, and keep waiting for the light of that morning, when I shall see him whom my soul loveth." And again: "Expecting the signal every moment, I sometimes, look at the clock, and wonder if my Lord will come by such an hour. Sometimes, I think I should be pleased to go over on the Sabbath—but would not, on any consideration, desire to go sooner, nor otherwise, than as my Father pleaseth."

The state of his mind, at the beginning of July, may be seen in the following relation, which he gives of his religious feelings:—

Sabbath, July 3d, 1831. My health, for some time, has been such, that I have not been able to attend to the services of the Sanctuary; but feeling better, for two or three days past, and the weather being very pleasant this morning, I felt a strong desire to go to the house of God, and mix, once more, with his children on this side

of eternity. I took every precaution to preserve my health, and made it a subject of prayer, that my heavenly Father, would comfort, edify, and bless my soul. The house was very full, and the congregation appeared more solemn than usual. The first thing that struck my mind, with peculiar force, was the hymn, commencing—

> O for a closer walk with God,
> A calm and heavenly frame.

I had, frequently, heard this hymn before; but never with such feelings, as I had at this time. I do not know what could have brought to my view, so distinctly, my vain, and wasted life. My perfect folly, in forsaking the living fountains of water, and in labouring to hew out to myself broken cisterns, stared me in the face. O how this looks, in the near prospect of eternity! But blessed be God, even now, on the very brink of the river of death, I can, and will sing—

> "The dearest idol I have known,
> Whate'er that idol be;

O Jesus, tear it from thy throne,
I'll worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
A pure sweet light now marks the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

Since I have felt myself so near the end of my race, every thing appears to have assumed a new aspect. I am expecting, every hour, to go the way of all the earth; and stand amazed, at the compassion of the God I serve. I wonder, at the perfection of the atonement made, by a most precious Redeemer; and am filled with astonishment, at the condescension of the Holy Spirit; that, in view of the valley of the shadow of death, and even in full view of my miserably wasted life, I can feel calm and serene. O it is a "pure sweet light that now marks the way, that leads me to the Lamb."

The Rev. Josiah Hopkins preached from Luke xiv. 33: "So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

Now, I think, in the light of eternity, I can, and will, appeal to my holy Lord, and say "Whom have I in heaven, but Thee." Well do I remember my feelings, nearly forty years ago, while singing the following stanzas:

"The God of Abr'ham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand.

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

I thought then, and I think now, that I gave up the world, with its blandishments; and, understandingly, chose the Lord as my portion, with submission to all his will, for time, and eternity. Mr. Hopkins gave a very lucid explanation of what it was to forsake all for Christ; and that I have done it, I think, I cannot be mistaken. I have, most assuredly, left all my doings, as the foundation of my hope of acceptance with God. The most precious Saviour has been, and now is, dear to my

heart; in him is my only hope. I have prayed, and laboured, for honesty of soul; and believe that the Lord, my Redeemer, is the home of my affections, and my confidence. I have, surely, forsaken my own wisdom, and desire to take my direction from the Bible; to lie low, before God; and to receive the whole of my duty, solely, from his mouth. The only difficulty, in the case, appears to be this—Have I ever forsaken all my sins, and sought my pleasure, solely, in doing the will of God? Now, I know, that in many instances, and in different periods of my life, my conduct has been sinful, and highly offensive—Yet, I think, in the near prospect of the wonders of eternity, that I cannot dispute, but that, in many exercises of my mind, I have been honest; and have, sincerely, forsaken all, for the love which I have felt for my precious Redeemer; and, now, this day, expecting, every hour, my summons from on high, to go into the presence of the King in his beauty, I can sing,

Whom have I on earth below?
Only Thee I'd wish to know;
Whom have I, in heaven, but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

And now, O my Jesus, my Sovereign, my all and in all, I am thy disciple, base as I have been, and am still, I am thine; and I cannot but hope, that when the world shall be on fire, and these elements shall melt with fervent heat, and thine enemies shall be filled with dismay, that

"Then thou wilt own my worthless name,
Before thy father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place."

Sept. 4, 1831. In a letter of this date, to Mr. Marshall of Oswego, as will be seen in the following pages, Mr. Oliphant mentioned, that he was then anxiously waiting the appearance of his Lord---that he felt ready and willing to part with all earthly things---and that he was anticipating the joy of beginning the eternal song of praise to the Lamb that was slain.

Mr. Oliphant has not left any memoranda, which express the feelings of his mind,

at any particular time, after September 4. But we have the fullest assurance, from those who constantly attended him, that he continued to enjoy peace of mind, and a precious hope of soon resting in the bosom of infinite, and eternal love. During the month of September, his health declined more rapidly, and his sufferings became more intense. Under all his trials he was patient, and manifested the sweetest submission to the divine will. Trusting in the mediation of his blessed Lord, he knew that he should, in a little while, be freed from sin and pain, and made holy and happy in the heavenly world. Daily, in his prayers, and in his conversation with friends, he expressed the cheering prospect which he had, of soon "passing over Jordan," to take possession of his promised inheritance.

Nov. 19. He took a fresh cold, which very soon occasioned his death. On the 20th, he was confined to his room, but was enabled, on the evening of the 21st, to

worship with the family. At this season of devotion, he united in singing his favourite hymn : " Guide me O thou great Jehovah," &c. Often had he said, alluding to the peculiar sweetness of this hymn, at his conversion, that it was the first, which he had ever sung ; and that he desired it should be the last. After this season of family worship, Mr. Oliphant sung no more, until he joined the choir above. The following evening he was enabled to lead in family prayer, but it was with difficulty. This was the last time that he was permitted to take any part in the worship of the family. At the close of his prayer, he seemed sensible that he could enjoy the privilege, but a little longer, of leading his household in their devotions, and the thought was affecting. With peculiar solemnity, he remarked : " I don't know—but it appears to me, that it will be a great breach in the family, to take the father away."

Mr. Oliphant was extremely fond of music, and when he became very feeble, he desired to go into the room, in which his daughter played on the piano.—This was thought to be unsafe, and to divert his mind, some of the family spoke of the hymns and lyres above. To this he replied: "I doubt not but I shall soon have a golden harp." And, frequently, speaking of the imperfection of our worship here, he would exclaim—"O for a well tuned harp!"

For several days before his death, he spoke with confidence of his being soon in a purer and better world—conversed freely, and calmly, concerning his departure—and, with the utmost composure, gave directions, and advice, respecting the management of the family, after he should be taken away. During this period, his sufferings were at times, severe. To mitigate his distress, opium was frequently administered. To this he ob-

jected, observing, that he would rather suffer than to have his mind confused; that it appeared shocking to him to stupify the sick, on the verge of eternity; and that, should his life be spared a fortnight, the world should know his opinion concerning opium. On the day of his death, in the midst of extreme suffering, some was offered to him; but he, absolutely, refused to take it, saying: "It will do me no good—I desire to go into a sweet eternity, with a clear mind."

Dec. 8, 1831, was the day on which he ended his earthly course. In the morning, he was more comfortable than he had been for several days; but, during the day, he so failed, as that it became manifest to him, and his friends, in the evening, that the time of his departure drew near. Perceiving the anxiety of the family, he observed to one of the members of it, who was near him, "I see you are clinging to me, but you must give me up." A little after this, one offered him some nourish-

ment; he just tasted of it, and said: "I want no more; this is the last I shall take, in this world." During the day, he, repeatedly, spoke of his own vileness, but expressed, at the same time, his confidence in the compassion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the efficacy of his atoning blood. One of the family observing that it was a surprising thing, that such poor feeble creatures, as we are, should be more than conquerors, at last, he very pleasantly added: "Through Him that loved us—It is all through him that loved us." And being reminded, by one who stood by him, of the love, and of the faithfulness of the Lord, he replied: "I know his heart is full of compassion; I feel that I am not forgotten of him"—And to another he observed: "The Lord will take me over Jordan to-night"—and added, "Live for God, and do not waste your life, as I have done."

About 8 o'clock, being seated in an easy chair, he said to those who were attend-

ing him: "Now I wish you to help me to bed." He assisted in taking off his stockings, and loose gown, and remarked: "I shall never want them any more." When he laid down, his kind and affectionate wife, whose attentions had been unremitted, having arranged his pillows, and covered him with the utmost care; wished him to compose himself to rest. He intimated that he would make an effort to do so—and immediately, added, in a low voice—"O,"—the aneurism burst—he slept in Jesus. Such was the end of this righteous man.

FUNERAL.

The following account of Mr. Oliphant, and of his death and burial, is taken, principally, from an obituary notice given of him, the week following his death, in the Free Press, a weekly paper, published in Auburn.

Died, on the 8th inst., at his residence, in this village, Mr. John Oliphant, in the

61st year of his age. * * * * He emigrated to this country in 1811—in the year 1814, he was chosen a ruling elder, in the First Presbyterian Church, in Auburn; and however humble, may have been the views which he entertained of his own efficiency, or usefulness, the Church will long remember him, as one of its most faithful officers—and the "sick and poor of the Lord's people," will recollect him, with gratitude, as one of their kindest friends.

The standard by which he measured himself, reached to the heavens; and his piety partook more of that character which, we are apt to think, will be, alone, developed, in the mansions of the blessed; than of that of ordinary Christians, in this world of temptation, and of sin. The writer of this notice, who esteemed it one of the greatest honours, to be called the friend of such a man, will not hazard a description of that character, lest he should fail in reaching the point of estimation, in

which the deceased was held, by his Christian friends.

While lingering on the verge of life, and in, hourly, expectation of a sudden entrance into eternity, he wrote, at the request of friends, a short statement of the events of his life, connected, principally, with his Christian experience—noted some of his views, while waiting the certain call—and penned addresses, to his brethren of the Session, and of the Church; and to his impenitent neighbours. These, he wished might be read over his coffin; and selected a member of the Session, to do it; that the last service performed, with respect to his body on earth, might be used to glorify God, in evidencing the sure triumphs of faith; and in giving his final warning to the impenitent.

Agreeably to his request, at the close of the exercises of the last Sabbath afternoon, which, out of respect to the memory of the deceased were attended by the congregations of both of the Presbyterian

Churches, in this village ; the individual, whom he had selected, read, over his lifeless corpse, to an immense concourse of citizens, a part of what he had written—And, although, an hour was thus occupied, the close attention of the audience showed, that their time flew unconsciously by. His words, and thoughts, and imagery, appeared borrowed from the converse of the "holy hill of Zion"—A holy awe, and reverence of God, and a sweet anticipation of the future rested on the hearts of God's children ; while a conviction of the unerring truth of revelation, and a consciousness of the necessity of the sure triumphs of faith, rested upon all the hearers.

It was the opinion of Mr. Oliphant, that the custom of wearing mourning apparel, ought to go into disuse—He considered it, as leading many, to incur an expense, which they could not well afford ; and to spend that time, in preparing dresses, which ought to be, particularly, employed in reflecting on death, and on what is ne-

cessary to appear, with acceptance before the holy God. He looked upon black clothing, rather, as an emblem of sorrow, than of affectionate remembrance; and supposed, that we ought not to manifest any sorrow, for what the Lord does, in wisdom, and in righteousness—And he viewed the person, clad in mourning, as virtually saying, I cannot forget, nor forgive, my Maker for what he has, in his providence, done to me. From feelings like these, he, repeatedly, requested his family, while living, and, particularly, on the last day of his life, not to mourn his death; and not to wear any badges of mourning, for him. With sentiments, like these, he, evidently, closed his address to his brethren, of the Session, as will be seen in the following pages. With his request, his family, so far complied, as that they attended his funeral, in such clothing, as they were accustomed to wear, on ordinary occasions of public worship.

The depositing of the dead body, of this good man, in the grave, was a season of deep interest; the great number of persons who attended, evinced the estimation in which he was held by his fellow citizens. The sermon delivered on the occasion, and which is published in this volume, was appropriate, and impressive; the words, read from the manuscript of the deceased, were as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies—and the anxious countenances of the whole assembly, manifested, that the language, of every heart, was, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

MEMOIRS, &c.

PART II.

ADDRESSES.

The following pious, and affectionate addresses, were added to the narrative, which Mr. Oliphant left of his past life; and were, no doubt, written, in compliance with the request which had been made by his friends, to leave with them, his last counsel, and advice. No one can read them, without perceiving the deep interest which he took in the spiritual, and eternal, welfare, of all, who belonged to the Church, and society, with which he stood connected: And every Christian must be delighted with the vein of piety, and good sense, which runs through them.

I. To the Session.

My Dear Brethren—Lord Nelson's signal, before his last engagement, was—"England expects every man to do his duty." My brethren, of this Session, the King of Kings expects every one of you will do your duty—will stand in your lot—and will be, actively, employed, until he comes again. O how shall I address you! My soul has been knit unto you—We, surely, have united in prayer, and our dear Father, hath approved of our union. The Church, and the world, have been witnesses of the harmony, which has prevailed among us, and of the blessed revivals, with which the Lord has favoured us. Work, while it is day, for you will soon be called from your labour. May you, like Aaron and Hur, uphold your dear Minister; and Amalek will, surely, fall before you. O with what pleasure shall brother Conrad Ten Eyck,*

*See Appendix, A.

and myself, meet you, on the heights of Zion, as you shall be, one by one, gathered into the garner; and with what adoring wonder and delight shall we bow, before the throne, having our robes washed white, in the blood of the Lamb. Till then, be faithful, visit from house to house, and especially, be kind to the sick and poor of the Lord's people.

My spirit to glory convey'd,
My body laid low in the ground;
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed,
Let all join in praising around.

No sorrow be vented that day,
When Jesus hath called me home;
With singing and shouting let brethren say,
He's gone from the evil to come.

II. To the Members of the Church.

My dear Brethren and Sisters—I bless the Lord, a thousand times, for all the goodness, he has caused to pass before us, since he brought us into a Church connection. I think that there were not more than twenty members, when I joined you. The principal part of these have got, safe-

ly, home; and those of you, that are left, are drawing near to the swellings of Jordan. O keep your eye, steadily, on the blessed Lamb of God, until you get over; then you will need no more exhortation through eternity. Being made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the Saints in light, you shall be confirmed in holiness, and in bliss.

Before the Saviour's face,
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shews his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame!
And sound through all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.

Many of you are young in life, and in the ways of God; O may you be simple, and upright in heart; pray for a singleness of eye; an honesty of soul; and see, that your words of affection, and of confidence in God, be not stronger than your feelings. O it is an evil, and a bitter thing, to sin against the Lord. Be honest in secret, and I do not fear but you will be upright in

public deportment. Examine yourselves, frequently, as in the presence of God, and often renew your covenant engagements, that you will serve Him, only, and honestly, and forever.

For some years, whenever the covenant has been read, I have generally, felt, as entering, afresh, into it. Study to walk uprightly, towards those who are without. Unless you, habitually, live near to God, and enjoy communion with him, you can be of little, or no use to your friends, or acquaintances. Do not, my brethren, and sisters, expect to do your neighbours any good, in speaking to them, unless you feel a disposition to pray, that the Lord will bless your efforts. O, that you may constantly feel your dependence, on the grace of God, and be influenced by the spirit of your dear Saviour—Then, if you tell the ungodly, even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ, they will know, in their hearts, that you are sincere, and you may expect to do them good.

III. To Backsliders.

My dear Brethren and Sisters—For such I must still call you—suffer a word of exhortation, and do not imagine that it does not belong to you. I have been over the whole ground, and do know that it is an evil, and a bitter thing, to sin against the Lord. It is said that the golden calf was a source of sorrow to Israel, until that whole generation passed away—and I acknowledge, that my conduct, from the thirtieth, to the fortieth year of my life, has given me more pain, than all the sins which I committed during the whole of my previous existence in the world.

Are any of my dear brethren, or sisters, anxious to know what characters I would rank among backsliders? I would answer —all those, who do not keep near to God in secret prayer—all those, who think it of little consequence, occasionally, to omit secret prayer—all those, who, when in secret prayer, use words without feeling; or who use a form of prayer, merely, to quiet

conscience—and all those who do not believe that God is alive, or near, or able, or willing, to answer their prayers—all those of you, my dear brethren and sisters, who parley with temptation, and begin, by little and little, to omit known duties, and, of course, to commit known sins—all of you, who are persuading yourselves that some sins are very small—all of you who think lightly of the blessed Sabbath, and do not give up the whole of it to the Lord, as he hath bidden you. I am very fearful for those who cannot be seen, except on the Sabbath, in any place of public worship. In our church there may be upwards of four hundred members, and if there be worship on a week-day, perhaps, there will not be more than one hundred present! I ask, where are the three hundred and upwards; and what are they doing? Surely, there is great reason to fear that they are backsliders; and that they are preparing for themselves sad work for repentance; or misery for a

dying hour, and a ceaseless eternity. O, a backslider in heart, shall be filled with his own way. In a word, I rank among backsliders all those, who are grasping after the world, from a principle of selfishness, and not from a desire to do good, in their generation. I beseech you, brethren, and sisters, suffer this word of exhortation, and carry it to a throne of grace. May you, indeed, repent, and do your first works. I know that our Lord will bless you, if you will return to him, confessing, and forsaking your sins. O, take with you words, and return to him—say to your dear Father, "take away all our iniquity," and you shall have meat to eat, that the world knows nothing of.

IV. To the Impenitent.

My Impenitent Neighbours—The situation of many of you, I consider peculiarly alarming. You have lived, through several very precious revivals. You have seen the wonders of God's mercy, all

around you. You have seen your acquaintances, submitting themselves to a sovereign God, and finding peace to their souls; and yet, you have resisted the evidence before your eyes, and the conviction of your own hearts, that "now, is the accepted time, and now, is the day of salvation." O what will you do, when I shall see you again—O, how will you feel, when you shall stand before the bar of God and answer, each one for himself? How will your past, and present, conduct, look in your own eyes, when the judgment shall sit, and the books shall be opened; and when you shall see the angels of God, dividing an assembled world, and gathering, out of his kingdom, all things that offend? The names of my dear neighbours, and impenitent friends in the village of Auburn, are, while I am writing, passing in review before my eyes. O shall one, in ten, of you escape the damnation of Hell?—O "why will you die!" I know that the Lord has called

you—I know, and you know, that you have refused. I know that, very shortly, you will be in earnest in calling upon the Lord—O why not seek him to-day, with your whole hearts! You know, that God is right in his demands. You know that you are wrong to refuse, for one moment, to submit, and give up your hearts to God, repenting of all your sins. O flee! flee to the Redeemer, now. By so doing you will increase my joy in the world of wonders; and will secure your own eternal happiness.

I well remember the second of January 1792. In the evening of that day, I was sitting in my room, alone—I had never bowed in secret, to ask forgiveness of God, in all my life.—I continued to sit on the chair, some time—the pride of my heart would not let me kneel—and yet, I felt that I was undone, without his mercy. O wonder of mercy, that he did not send me right to hell!—I have blessed, and adored, his matchless grace, a thousand times, that

on that very evening, he brought me, with weeping, and supplication, to kneel before him. O how many of my impenitent neighbours will, immediately, go, and do likewise, and try, and see, for themselves, whether, now, is not "the accepted time," the very "day of salvation."

LETTERS.

The disease of Mr. Oliphant being ascertained to be of such a nature, as that there was no hope of his recovery, and but little of his continuing many days in this world, he wrote a number of letters to his friends, in relation to his situation, and the feelings of his mind, on the great subject of his soul's everlasting welfare. Copies of some of these have been procured. A few of them, in whole, or in part, are here published. Expecting every day, and every hour, that his malady would prove fatal, the writer seems to have had his eye, constantly, fixed on

the coming of his Lord; and his soul wholly taken up with the great concern of being prepared to meet him. This occasioned something of a sameness, as to the train of thought contained in these letters. But while this will be perceived, by every reader, they will not, on this account, be less interesting, or instructive, to the devout christian, who wishes to become familiar with death, and with its attendant events.

LETTER I.

To Rev. D. C. Lansing, D. D.*

Auburn, January 17, 1831.

My dear Brother—Understanding that the Lord is working wonders at Utica, I feel to rejoice with you; and when, I hear of some of your children bowing, in secret, before our most precious Redeemer, I cannot do otherwise than weep for joy; and exult in the unbounded mercy of our

* Doctor Lansing was at this time pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Utica.

heavenly Father, who has inspired, and answered your prayers. I once heard you say, in addressing your Father, in heaven, "I know that thou canst do all things"—O remember this, when you are praying for the rest of your dear children.

Dear brother, I have sometimes heard, you say—"to whom shall we go, but to one who loves us?" Now I am satisfied of your love, and I wish this letter to assure you of my warmest affection.

It is only three weeks ago, that I was apprised of my situation, as being afflicted with an aneurism near the heart. Twelve physicians who have seen it, pronounce it certain death—the time unknown—but most probably soon.

My dear brother, I rejoice that my times are in the hands of God; and while I am waiting, at the river side, watching the signal to advance, I keep pleading his word that the waters may not overflow me. I am indeed a wonder to myself; for I think I have had more joy, in his

presence, during the last three weeks than I have had during all the years since 1817, when he showed his compassion to me, in that amazing revival. For his goodness then, I feel to praise his name afresh. My blessed brethren, and sisters, come every day to see me. I know I have their love, and their prayers. What is very wonderful, in my situation, I am in good health—I have no pain—my mental powers are more vigorous than formerly —my complaint is entirely local—"the pitcher is broken at the fountain"—blessed be the name of the Lord, forever.

You may be acquainted with the fact, that I have been, all my life time subject to bondage, through fear of death; but, of late, death, and eternity, appears in a new light. A Father's hand, and a Father's heart, appear in every thing; and I do hope, that as I am passing through the valley of the shadow of death, he will be with me; and his rod, and his staff, they shall comfort me.

When I first obtained, that sweet peace, in my soul, which I have enjoyed, for the last three weeks, I became very deeply impressed with a sense of my own vileness, with respect to my frequent backslidings, and my wasted life. It appeared to me, that should the blessed Redeemer show me his side, and should tell me, that it was pierced for my salvation, and that I might enjoy heaven; yet I should be ashamed, before him; and should be ashamed, in taking any seat assigned me, among his pure, and upright, children. Not that I should be ashamed of Jesus, and of his infinite condescension and love: but the freeness, and riches of his grace, would enhance my guilt, and make me more ashamed of myself, in his presence. It appeared to me, that under a full view of pardon, I must feel abashed, when I shall enter the palace of the Most Holy One. One morning, about this time, I awoke very early, and these words, occupied my mind—"therefore are they before

the throne"—I lay musing on them, for a time, when I concluded to get up, and examine them in their connection. I did so —and blessing, and glory, be unto his name, forever—I found that they, who were worshipping before the throne, had washed their robes, and made them white, through the blood of the Lamb! The clean white robes is the righteousness of the saints in heaven—precious thought! The heavenly worshippers have washed their consciences, and hearts—their tears, and repentance—their walk, and conversation—their virtues, and their works—in the blood of the Lamb. "Therefore, are they before the throne of God."—O wonder of wonders!—O who shall touch so high a note of praise to Him, as I, when he shall make me white through his blood, which cleanseth from all sin?

Allow me, my dear brother, before I close this letter, to express my gratitude to you, for your labor of love, while you were my pastor—for your faithful reproof,

public and private—And, now, I sincerely ask your forgiveness, for every thing that I have done amiss to you. I have been favored with the highly esteemed privilege, of walking the streets of Auburn, with you, arm in arm—O my precious brother, when our robes shall be washed white, in the blood of the Lamb, may I walk with you, through the streets of the New Jerusalem; and may we bow together, before him that sitteth in the midst of the throne.

As my death will be instantaneous, it is not probable that you will be with me, in that hour. I leave it to your own discretion, whenever you shall visit my family, to say what you shall think, will put honour on the Lamb of God, or do good to the living—And I can rest quietly, in the assurance, that you will see, and be tender, and faithful, to my dear widow, and my fatherless children.

Wishing, dear brother, that you may work while it is day, I and my beloved

wife, subscribe ourselves your affectionate friends, JOHN & RUTH OLIPHANT.

P. S. Believe me when I say, I shall be glad to receive a letter from you—In the mean time I will sing—

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah—

LETTER II.

To PALMER HOLLEY.

Auburn, Feb. 6, 1831.

My Dear Brother—The following passage of scripture, "Say unto the children of Israel, that they go forward," has been of very important service to me, in my pilgrimage; and now, that it is drawing to a close, and I am expecting, every hour, the signal from on high, to "go forward," to see the king in his beauty, I would leave this passage, with my dear brother, Palmer Holley, as a memorial of my love to him; and that it may be profitable to him, when I shall have passed over, into eternity.

My dear brother, urge your way, whatever may oppose. In the strength of the Lord God, go forward. Get nearer to him—make advances in holiness—then you will be able to speak, to greater effect, to others; that they "go forward." I expect to see you, shortly, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

JOHN OLIPHANT.

LETTER III.

To Deacon Bostwick Brown.

Auburn, ——, 1831.

My Dear Brother—Waiting, for the signal from our Lord, to depart from this world; and to pass over into eternity, I write to my brother, to be ready to meet me, when I shall have obeyed the command. In the prospect of appearing in the world of wonders, and of eternal retribution, what can give me joy, but the righteousness of him who shed his blood without the gates of Jerusalem? Pre-

cious hope, in him, supports the soul—O my brother, from this situation, let me urge you to diligence in the heavenly way —Let nothing, which you would wish to do, be deferred until you come to stand, where I now do—"wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end, for the grace that is to be brought unto you, at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Yours sincerely,

JOHN OLIPHANT.

LETTER IV.

To Rev. D. C. Lansing, D. D.*

Auburn, March 20, 1831.

My dear Brother—When I last wrote you, I believe I dated my letter, from the banks of Jordan. Through the kindness of my heavenly Father, I have been lingering here, for some time. You will natur-

* This letter was written in answer to one which Mr. Oliphant received from the Doctor, in which he gave an account of the peaceful and triumphant death of his wife.

ally inquire what I have seen, and how I have felt, during the last two months; and as I, formerly, had the pleasure of stating to you my religious feelings, and views; so I now, with a great deal of pleasure, commence saying, that the river varies in clearness, width, and depth, according as the eye is kept fixed upon the man, whose visage was more marred than the sons of men. Several times, the whole river has appeared little more than a moderate step; and the foundation, for the feet to rest upon, looks as firm, and as good, on the other side, as it does upon this. Several times, there has been a thick mist extending all the way across—then again, when the sun has risen, I have seen a morning almost without clouds. One thing is very remarkable. When lying near the brink, and having some near view of the promised land, the Bible seemed like a new book, somewhat as it did about forty years ago. Sometimes, since I have been waiting here, the Most High, in some of his attributes,

looks so amiable, so boundless—surely, Abraham, or Moses, is, only, now, beginning to behold the outer rays of infinite perfection. Oh, I do not wonder, they love, and adore—O, to join, with them—Sometimes, when they have a moment's leisure, they must sing, a hymn, beginning with such words as these, "Great, and marvellous, are thy works, Lord God Almighty, who would not fear thee, and glorify thy name, for thou only art holy."

Now, my dear brother, since I have come to this spot, I frequently look up, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness—of the wonders of the counsel of peace—of the fixedness of the plan of salvation—of the merit of a Saviour's blood—of the agonies of his death—and of the reason why he endured them. Mrs. Graham was anxious, to lay up provisions, for passing over this Jordan; and you see, that I have been collecting a store, while I have been here: but I sometimes say, after all my care, and exertions, precious Redeemer

give me thy hand, as I go over, or I am undone. There is something peculiarly glorious in having our dwelling place in sight of the promised land. Oh it is sweet to live as seeing him that is invisible—not looking at the things that are seen and temporal, but at the things that are unseen and eternal:—And it is, only, in this light that we can put any true valuation, upon this world, or the next. From the banks of this river, especially, in a clear day, this world does not seem to be of any value; but a cordial approbation of the Most High, and a well founded hope of seeing the King in his beauty, appear, truly, worth possessing.

My sin, my ingratitude, my wasted, life, I assure you, appear very different, since I came here. Indeed, I should be overwhelmed, but for the most precious one, that has prints in his hands. There is a spot, not far distant from the water side towards which I love to look: Jesus, the blessed Saviour, oft times used to walk

there, with his Disciples. This side of Jerusalem, the city of endless peace, there is a garden, called Gethsemane. Oh what wonders are to be seen all about it—and not far from this royal city, there is a place called Calvary still more wonderful: there Jesus died—Oh it is good to contemplate these. I am not astonished at the two Marys sitting down right over against the sepulchre. They waited and waited to see the end of the wonders. It is only while lying on the brink of the river of death, that we can discover the need, the value, or the benefit of affliction —and here I would testify, that it is the sweetest spot in which I ever lived—I am perfectly satisfied to be in the hands of my Lord—and wholly at his disposal. Often, while in prayer in the evening, it appears agreeable to me, to leave it with Him, in what world I shall awake. I, daily, feel to bless him, for bringing me here, and for the sweets of those precious truths, you so faithfully delivered in my hearing.

You will perceive, my dear brother, that I feel myself, wholly, incompetent to write you a letter of condolence, on the loss of your dear wife. I feel deeply for you, and your children ; and as you were, before this loss, so you have been, more especially, since, remembered in my prayers. Standing near the eternal world, as I do, I think there is great reason for you to lie very quiet at the feet of your sovereign God ; and to praise him for the abundant entrance granted to your beloved wife, into the eternal world. It appears, that before she entered the river, she could triumph in her Lord. Oh, it is a source of joy to me, to see my friends going over so pleasantly. I feel assured that Mrs. Lansing is perfectly satisfied, and that our Lord has clearly shewn his mind, respecting this matter. I think, if you can lie very low, and then look up, that you will see a very kind hand managing the whole of the business. I often think, I see her stepping over so sprightly ; and no wonder ; Jesus

had said to her, "fear not, I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God." It was natural that she should sing, as you observe in your last letter,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Now, she has got to her desired haven, I make no doubt, but that she has got companions more to her taste, than ever she had in Auburn, or in Utica.

Wishing you may get safely through,

I am sincerely yours,

JOHN OLIPHANT.

LETTER V.

To MR. FREDERICK BROWN.

Auburn, July 31, 1831.

Dear Brother—You have no doubt, been, partially, informed of my situation. I have thought it might be pleasant to you to receive a letter from my own hand, especially, as I do not expect to see your face in this world, any more.

In looking back, and taking a survey of my wasted life, although there is much to

depress my spirits, yet there appear some bright spots in my journey, through the wilderness; and none more so, than those seasons, in which I have had pleasure, in the society of the children of God—in holding communion with them—and in uniting with them in prayer. Dear brother, I was not, very extensively, acquaintance with the feelings of your heart —with your easily besetting sins—or with your honesty, or dishonesty, before God, in your approaches to him. But I would testify, that your prayers, in our addresses to our dear Father, afforded me a joy that a stranger intermeddleth not with. And I do believe, that while you was addressing our Lord, in our approaches to his mercy seat, my soul did join in the requests which you made, and that we did, truly, have fellowship together, with our heavenly Father.

In our intercourse, I have been a benefit, or an injury, to you; and you have been a benefit, or an injury, to me. With res-

pect to myself, O how guilty! I might have done more good than I have. Indeed, I feel, at present, as if I will justify my Lord in all that he says. Should he say in the judgment—You were ashamed of me, and .of my words, in the world; now, I am ashamed of you, in the presence of my Father, and this assembled world; it will be just. O precious Jesus, if thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee, and I will flee to thy gracious arms.

Since I have come to the verge of life, I possess a clearness of vision, I never had before. Many things that I once could not tell whether they were sins or not—or if I did not feel that they were perfectly right, I could so excuse, and palliate, as to conceal their offensiveness; now appear to be provoking sins, against the blessed God. O the blindness, and pride, of my heart! I also find a wonderful change in my memory. Things which I had entirely forgotten, or which I had not recollected for years, come, distinctly,

before my mind, and cause me to hasten to my Lord, and to cry—"Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me."

I could suggest to you, many things wherein I had greatly erred; but if your heart is as foolish as mine, you will forget them in a few hours. One great error of my life, has been, in putting eternal things out of their place; and in supplying their place, with things of time. This has occasioned a strange listlessness—a certain kind of idleness—an unpardonable want of punctuality in secret prayer, which makes every thing else go wrong. Neglecting secret prayer, the soul becomes heedless, in watching—careless, about abstaining from the appearance of evil—inactive, in visiting—listless, in conversation—indifferent, with respect to holding communion with God, and his humble, spiritual children. No wonder my life has been wasted! Well may I cry out—my leanness, my leanness! There are some blessed children of God, that begin right, and

go straight on their way, honouring God as they go. Such, indeed, will have an abundant entrance, into the kingdom of our Lord, ministered unto them ; while I feel as if I shall weep for joy, to eternity, if he can, in the last day, say unto me—" Come ye blessed of my Father." Should this be the case, I donbt not, but that, on hearing these words, I shall, instantly, be on my face, and admire, and adore ; and I shall delight to lie low at his feet, through eternity. O it is my place to walk softly, before him forever. O with all my unworthiness, he does not now, and he will not hereafter, treat me according to my deserts. Indeed, I already feel like singing Hallelujah—My heart is already in tune, to touch the golden harp, and sing—" Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." O I shall see his face with joy, for was it his pleasure to deal with me, according to my sins, he would not show me the things which I see ; nor grant me the feelings which I enjoy.

Dear brother, shall I see you in the world of wonders? O live near to God—make sure work for eternity—lay out yourself for God, as you go. O work while it is day: and I think I shall see you again, and take you by the hand; and we shall, together, adore, and love, the most holy One.

I am, dear brother, still in the kingdom and patience of Jesus.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN OLIPHANT.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. and Mrs. Marshall.

Auburn, Sept. 4, 1831.

Dear Brother and Sister—Feeling as I do on the confines of eternity, and every moment getting nearer, and nearer, to it—lying on the very brink of the river of death; and viewing the stream gliding sweetly by me; waiting and looking out for the coming of the Son of man; as the end of my pilgrimage appears more

distinctly in view, I long to be holy, that I may see him as he is, and be with him, whom my soul loveth. I am anxiously waiting, for his appearance, that I may get down at his feet, and begin my never ending employment, to bless him to eternity. I feel ready, and willing, to quit my hold of all those things, that have occupied me in the world; and am anticipating, a thrill of unknown joy, when I shall, distinctly, perceive the prints in his hands, and begin to join the general assembly, singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

I am yet a living witness, that to them who believe he is precious. How often in the wilderness, since I came out of Egypt, about forty years ago, has he satiated my soul with his goodness! How often under a deep sense of my guilt and pollution, and while filled with shame and remorse, have I been overwhelmed, and captivated, with some view of the most precious Redeemer; or by some sweet word

of his promise, been encouraged to trust in him!

I could not do other than to come to him weeping with joy; knowing, experimentally, that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins. Dear brother and sister, O how shall I speak of his kindness, during the last eight months, when he gave me a true token, that I should soon see him in the light of eternity. He has, surely, kept some of his best wine to the last. O he makes it sweetly light at eventide, and gives me a relish, and an appetite, for spiritual provision, of which I had very inadequate ideas, while coming through the wilderness. Sometimes I look over the river, and listen to the song of the redeemed, and humbly endeavour to join them, and imbibe their spirit. I stretch my eye to the place where his honour dwelleth, and long to mingle in their employment. I range among, and view the amazing perfections of God, sometimes one, and some-

times another; and while looking, I can distinctly perceive the glory of the Most High, expanding, and looking greater in my eye, than I ever saw it before—His separate perfections mingle their glories, until I, sweetly bewildered, cry, "Who is a God like unto thee? O the height! O the depth, of the amazing glory! Who would not fear—who would not love thee?"

Surely, I have never before, as I have lately, seen, that over all his other glories, his sweet purity casts a divine radiance, that illumines, and enlivens, the worlds of light; and fills every inhabitant, with the deepest awe—the most profound reverence—and while I am in meditation on this subject, before even I am aware, I feel myself less than nothing, and vanity; I long to get down at his feet; I cannot get down low enough; O, it is sweet to lie low before God; and I do lament that I cannot feel more humble. I look around me, and discover the millions of the re-

deemed on their faces before the throne. O to join them! Indeed I think this is one of the happiest spots I ever saw; I feel myself to have arrived on the very banks of Jordan; the world withers and fades from my view; the things of eternity come near; they seem real, and are quite substantial, in my eye; the glory of God every; thing myself nothing; his will delightful to me; my own seems lost. I feel sometimes as if I had none. It is matter of indifference to me, whether he comes at midnight, or in the morning watch; whether all alone, or in the midst of my family; I sometimes, look up, and wishfully say, "How long, Lord—how long?" but generally, check myself, saying, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

My mind has been, remarkably, clear; there, surely, is a clearness of vision, in those that lie right on the river side, that they, who live far back in the wilderness, can have no conception of. You know it

is said, "He that believeth shall not make haste." I sit down, and calmly look around me; I, deliberately look at the ground I have trod; and look at the motives of my heart, as I have come on my journey; and am convinced, and certain, that if the Lord deals with me, according to my deserts, I sink to hell—and all heaven, and hell, and myself, must approve the sentence. But O, glory forever be on his head, who was separated from his brethren. I am not now, left to inquire, what shall I do to be saved? When I was about twenty years of age, through grace, I believe I, honestly, repented of sin; and fled to Jesus, and found him all, and in all, to my soul; and now, through grace, when I am sixty, I hope I, honestly, repent of sin; and flee to Jesus, and have no refuge beside. And under a view of my unprofitable, my wasted life, I cling closer to the Most Precious, and say, "O precious blood of sprinkling! O wondrous fountain opened for sin, and uncleanness!

and without which, after all, I should be undone."

I rejoice, that report says, that you are a working Christian. May the Most High keep you in the way; and he will do it, if you are kept humble, and dependent upon him. O seek not great things for thyself, in this world; but let your eye, and your heart, and your treasure, be above, and the Lord will make you a blessing.

O, cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he accounted of? O, it is the sweetest life, in the world, to live as seeing him, that is invissible; to act as in his presence, and to feel, that what we do is approved of by him. O for more of such honest, simple hearted, communion with him. O what shall I do, my dear brother and sister, as I am stepping into the river, unless I can get a firm hold of the Most Precious. But he said, "Fear not to go down, for I will be with thee;" and he has almost assured me, that as I pass over, the enemy shall be still.

And now that the world is withered, and sad; and all creature dependence is vain, I turn away my eyes from beholding vanity; and look to the hills, whence cometh salvation. I lie at the feet of my sovereign God, and say, I have waited for thy salvation. I sometimes, say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" Sometimes, I say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Sometimes, I say, "I know in whom I have believed, and can trust him. And, sometimes, with Stephen, I say, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit"—and when he says, "Behold I come quickly," I say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." But, often, in my happiest moments, under a view of my wasted life, I wonder how he can put me among his children; and I sink down, at his feet, and cry, "Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but to thy name shall be all the glory." My dear brother and sister, do abstain from the appearance of evil—watch where your dan-

ger lies. O, maintain a simple, honest, heart, with a most precious Redeemer. O, keep your armour tight about you, until Jesus comes; and then he will not find you idle, and I hope to see you enter into the joy of our Lord; and we together shall serve, and bless, him through eternity.

With much esteem, and gratitude,

JOHN OLIPHANT.

LETTER VII.

To his Son.

Auburn, Nov. 13, 1831.

My Dear Son—I have been exceedingly gratified, in receiving your pleasant communications, both as it regards your health, and your feelings, respecting the glorious displays of the riches of divine grace, in the recovery of guilty, and polluted, sinners, from ruin. My soul prays, for you, that you may retain these anxious desires, for the salvation of men; that ho-

ly aptitude, and readiness, to serve the blessed Redeemer; that willingness to work, the work of him, that hath sent you, that will bear inspection, in the light of eternity; that preparedness of heart, to meet temptation, and in the midst of snares, to go right on your way. My dear son, in order to do this, you will have to cultivate, and be in the practice of living near to God, of lying very low at his feet, watching unto prayer, and hanging upon his arm every moment, for every separate duty; and for resistance to every sin. May my dear son, find out what the most Holy means, when he speaks of singleness of eye, of simplicity of heart, of that tender love to your dear Father, that casts out all fear. Dear son, being shielded by the armour of God, and having on the breastplate of faith, and love, watching unto prayer; and leaning on the strength of the Almighty, you may be saved, from backsliding, and from dishonouring the most Holy Lamb of God, as I have done. The

best of your days have been wasted in trifles; now, trim your lamp, and keep your armour tight about you, and the Lord will make even your enemies, to be at peace with you. I believe, I have before informed you, that on new year's day, 1792, the glorious God condescended to have mercy on me, and plucked me, as a brand from the burning; and led me, to behold a most precious Redeemer, as my all, and in all. About that time, I heard a discourse on Deuteronomy viii. 2. Little did I then think that I should live forty years, in the wilderness; little did I then think, although I was told, of the evils which were in my heart; little did I then think, that any trials I should meet with in the wilderness, could ever induce me to be ungrateful. O, little did I then think, that if the Lord would be kind, in providence, or in grace, I could ever be self-willed, or feel independent, and rebel against his authority. O, my dear son, since I have come to the very edge of this Jordan, things do

not look as they did in ordinary life. It appears incredible, that on the spot, where I now lay, and with my present feelings, I could ever be such a fool, and so willing a slave to the drudgery of Satan, as to spend a whole evening at a theatre. O what have I lost, and how much I lament it now. In the course of my journey, the most holy, and wonderful God hath led me, in the way of prosperity. I was proud and unthankful. I have known considerable adversity, and disappointment; and have fretted, murmured, and rebelled. He favored me with a good constitution, and a long course of good health, which, without doubt, was the most unprofitable part of my life; and under every view, I can take of myself, and in every situation in life, in which I have been placed, I have been a wretch, a mere cumberer of the ground; and if I am to stand, or fall, by any action of my life, even the best I ever performed, as true, as I am now writing, I shall make my bed in hell. But blessed

be God, about forty years ago, I cried, "Save Lord, or I perish," and blessed be God, now, on the very edge of Jordan, I cry, "Save Lord, or I perish." O forever blessed be his holy name, he is the hiding-place from the storm, or I am undone, for, indeed, I have none other. O, Jesus! I flee to thee, to hide me. One object, which I have in view, in writing this letter, is to save you, my dear son, from the misery, into which I have fallen, by advising you to avoid the way, that leads into it. I trace the beginning of all my sorrows, to a want of honest fervor, in secret prayer. My dear son, keep a constant watch on this. I wasted a great part of my early life, in reading what I found, afterwards, to be very injurious to me. I was puffed up with pride, thinking I knew a great deal; this threw me off my guard, and became a snare to me. Dear son, do endeavor to redeem the time which you have lost. A short time before you were born, the cares of the world, came in like a flood; and in-

stead of my cleaving, closer, to God, by prayer and supplication, my heart wandered away. I strove, in my own strength, to bear up against the storm; but was carried away, and made shipwreck, to a great extent, of my profession. I retained the form of religion, with my wife, and children; but was destitute of the power, or enjoyment, of it. Afterwards, when my temporal affairs became prosperous, I forgot him, from whom all my favors came. I conformed to the world—sought my pleasures, in the objects of sense; and although I had the means of doing good, I threw it away, on self-gratification, and extravagance. My God, I cry, how canst thou put me among thy children. O precious blood of atonement—O wondrous fountain opened—O glorious covenant of redemption! I yet hope that I shall shortly stand, on the heights of Zion; and with the millions of redeemed ones cry aloud, "Salvation to our God, that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, be glory,

and honor, forever and ever !" May I then say, Here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me.

I am, beloved son, your affectionate father, JOHN OLIPHANT.

REFLECTIONS.

The following reflections were left among Mr. Oliphant's papers, and seem to have been penned with a view, to let his friends know the feelings of his mind on the momentous snbjects which they present : and also to bring them to entertain correct feelings concerning the near approach of eternity—the nature of the heavenly bliss—the solemnities of a dying hour—the value of the Bible, to promote vital godliness and usefulness in life, and to secure peace and triumph in death—and the importance and necessity, of being honest in all our transactions with a holy, and heart-searching God.

In Mr. Oliphant's introductory remarks to these reflections, he says, "The peculiar nature of my disorder rendering it certain that my death will be sudden—Being free from pain, and having my mind particularly calm, and clear—And considering that my life has been chiefly wasted—I am induced to express some of my views and feelings, since I came to this spot, where I feel as one lingering on the very edge of the grave; hoping that they may be a mean of doing some good, when I shall have finished my earthly course."

Although some thoughts and expressions will be found in these reflections, similar to many contained in his other pieces, yet, it is believed, they will be read, by those who have been pleased with his narrative, addresses, and letters, with increasing pleasure and profit.

NO. I.

On a near view of Eternity.

There is a great difference in our feelings, in the near prospect of eternity, from what we ever attain in any other circumstances—and to have this view of the eternal world, it must be reduced to a certainty that we shall shortly die, for so long as there is any hope of life, the world will retain its value and importance. Such is the deceitfulness of our hearts, and the infatuating influence of the prospect of continued life, as that they prevent eternal things from making any serious impression on our minds.

As I did not, when first taken ill, understand the nature of my disorder, I was anxious to obtain all the information respecting it, I could. I consulted eighteen physicians, who all agreed in the opinion that I could not recover; and they assured me, that my death would be sudden. When first informed of it, and I began to

believe it true, the thoughts of giving up my account to God, filled me with fear, and I was seized with trembling. When I came to look up to God, my blessed Father, in prayer, I became greatly alarmed. I do not know that I was then living farther from him than ordinary ; still, the new situation, into which I was brought, convinced me that I was not living in a waiting, watching, posture ; and the thought, of soon giving in my final account, was truly startling. But blessed, forever, be his glorious name, after about twenty-four hours, while engaged in prayer, the compassion of God appeared boundless, through the Son of his love—I could cling to him—the bitterness of death seemed almost passed, and I felt assured, that as I passed over Jordan, the waters would not overwhelm me. The conduct of the Lord appeared so lovely to me, that I blessed him on the spot, for giving me such a gracious intima-

tion of my approaching death, and such sweet consolations, in view of my soon leaving this world.

How different my views, since I came to this spot, from what I ever had before! Eternal things appear, now, real and substantial, whereas they once appeared only imaginary, or speculative. The world, now looks withered and dead, whereas it, once, looked fair, necessary, and substantial. Once, when I looked over death, all appeared obscure, gloomy, and dark; now there is a sweet clear light which shines, all the way; and the path through a Saviour's blood, appears as firm and good, on the other side of Jordan as it is on this. Once, the prospect of long life, and continued health, were very pleasing considerations; now, there is nothing so dark and gloomy, as going back again into the world, and being a mere cumberer of the ground, as I have been. I am satisfied there is nothing so sweet, as to feel eternity near—to be pleased to be in the Lord's

hands—to have no desire, nor will of one's own—to live to his honor, and glory, and to find this to be the very food, and nourishment, of one's soul. I formerly prayed that the Lord would feed me with food convenient for me, and now I enjoy this food greatly, in a dying hour, and hope to have a better appetite when the Lamb shall feed me, and lead me to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from my eyes—Yes, I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness.

About the time, that these were my feelings, I was accustomed to write to my friends, or send them some token of my christian love. One evening, after I had written a letter to my christian brother, the Rev. Jared Curtis of Boston, in which I stated my feelings in view of death, two ladies called to see me. I told them, freely, how kind the Lord was to me, and the pleasing prospect I had of, shortly, seeing the blessed Son of Man. One of them said, "I understand you have an aneur-

ism," and expressed a wish to see it. I, immediately, shewed her my breast. She said, "it was without doubt an aneurism," but added "I knew a man who had one, for upwards of twenty years. With care, Mr. Oliphant, you may live a long time, and be a comfort to your family. The man, of whom I speak, lost his life at last, by over exertion, and you may do the same. The Lord has in a good measure, put your life into your own hands; and all that is necessary, on your part, is to be very cautious." I thanked her, and am convinced that what she said was in perfect kindness; but it produced a very unhappy change in my feelings. It appeared to me, before this, as if I had disposed of wife, and children. The world, life, and death, were all laid aside, or, at least, they were taken off my shoulders; but, after this visit, I, soon, began to feel them all yoked about my neck, as much as ever; and they had such an effect on my mind that, in three days, when attempting

to pray, I felt as if the whole world had come in between the Lord and my soul, and I could not find access to his blessed throne. But although I am living much beyond the time, I supposed I should, it being the 5th of June, 1831, I feel now that the Lord restoreth my soul, and giveth me the pleasure of lying at his feet, willing to wait, or willing to go, having no anxiety as to the time, or mode, of my death. Though I think I have not, generally, that pleasant relish; that tender nearness; that simple childlike confidence, in God, which I had enjoyed, previous to the conversation just alluded to; yet I keep looking out, and waiting, for his appearing; and hope, ere long, to be landed at the desired haven, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Since I came to the water side, I have been favored with clearer and more distinct views of truth, on several subjects, than I ever had before; and I rather think that such views cannot be had from any

other spot—I mean such views of the littleness, and vanity, of all things of an earthly nature, and of their unsuitableness to satisfy the desires of the soul. O, I meditate with wonder and delight, on the wisdom, and goodness, of God, in so arranging these matters. I never before saw, as I do now, the blessedness of those who, in early life, and with decision of heart, give themselves up to God—commit their all into a Saviour's hands—and who are enabled to walk, straight on, adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour.

Soon after I arrived on the banks of this Jordan; and was favored with some near views of God, and with sweet peace in believing in a most precious Redeemer, I began to enjoy the fulfilment of that promise, "he that believeth shall not make haste." I calmly sat down to look about me, and at the prospect before me. I was overjoyed with the clear view I had of the future world. The things of eternity became more distinct, important, and sub-

stantial, in my eyes, than ever. The grandeur, and glory, of God, appeared to irradiate all about me; and his almightiness sweetly overwhelmed me. The wonders of infinite wisdom appeared unfathomable, while his boundless compassion, through the Son of his love, amazed me; and I saw that there was an attracting charm in his sweet purity, that cast a radiance over all his other perfections. While musing on these glories, I could not but say, "who would not fear, who would not love thee, Lord God Almighty, heaven and earth are full of thy Glory—O who is a God like unto thee; glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders"—Surely, "thou only art holy"—I do not wonder that "he chargeth his angels with folly;" for he is, indeed, "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." The near, and distinct views of his holiness, so amiable, and lovely, produced such an effect on my own heart, as I had not experienced in health, and while in

active life. O I am less than nothing, and vanity, and very vile in my own eyes. I willingly sink down, to my proper place; and am delighted to feel low before him. Indeed, I think this is one of the happiest spots on this side of eternity. God is all and in all—myself less than nothing—I live in the land of Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in me—My food is nourishing to me—I feel strengthened, while I give thanks at the remembrance of his Holiness—I delight to get lower still—I bow and feel like getting on my face before him—his will is delightful to me—my own seems lost—I feel as if I had none—it appears to be a matter of indifference, at what time the Son of man cometh—I feel as if I were watching, waiting, and willing to be at his disposal for both worlds. I sometimes, look up and, wishfully, say, "how long, Lord, how long"—but, generally, check myself, and say, "all the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come."

I recollect to have read, that Rousseau was accustomed to sail on the lake of Geneva, and to lie on his back, that he might look up, and take a view of the beauties of nature. O it is sweet to lie down, on the very edge of the river of death, and look up, and gaze on infinite purity. The glory, majesty, and holiness of the infinite God swells, and expands to my view, until it fills the whole horizon. The whole eye, the whole soul, becomes filled and absorbed, and satisfied. O he is glorious in holiness. Having these views, I would no more think of appearing before him without a mediator, than I would think of making a world. I do not see, how it is possible, that any can feel otherwise than humble, when they arrive in heaven. The inhabitants of that blessed place have a steady, unwavering view of the Most High. The disproportion between infinite, and finite, is with them a reality, and the recollection

of their former vileness, must forever be a source of deep humility.

Since I have had such enlarged views of eternal things, I have been learning a new way of getting humility. Formerly, I confined my attention to my own heart, my own actions, and my wasted life, in order that I might obtain humility; but now, I pray with Moses, "I beseech thee shew me thy glory," and, before I am aware, I cry "Lord I am vile"—and while I am saying, "O wretched man that I am;" and am getting down lower, I cannot but bless, and love, and adore my Maker. Like Job I exclaim, "I have often heard of thee, by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I repent, and abhor myself in dust and ashes." When John had a full, and a precious view of Jehovah Jesus, he felt abased, and fell very low before such glory.

I have seen the time, when I could stand praying, I dare say, about as well,

and felt as important, as any Pharisee; but "blessed be God," through his boundless mercy, I trust he has brought me to feel like praying on my knees. O I do not wonder that in glory, where the redeemed get so much nearer, and have so much clearer vision, that they, with one consent, fall down on their faces. There is not a hypocrite among them; for the inhabitants of heaven are all righteous; and even the angels, that never sinned, fall down before such holiness—saying, in the sincerity of their hearts—"Amen, blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God, for ever and ever, Amen." "Solomon in all his glory," in the eyes of the wisest, and best of men, never looked so amiable, nor appeared in a character so becoming a worshipper of the Most High, as when kneeling in prayer to God, in the presence of his subjects; but the kings, and great men of this world, have not, generally, been pleased

to follow this example. In heaven the higher the authority, the more humility, "whether they be thrones, or dominions, principalities or powers, or angels, or arch-angels, cherubim, or seraphim," Gabriel, or Michael, or the "four and twenty elders," their highest happiness consists in their deep humility, before the most Holy. When the Lord shews to the heavenly hosts the wonders of his creating power, they bow before the throne, and with one consent unite in saying, "thou art worthy O Lord to receive glory, and honor, and power, for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are, and were at first created." The millions of the redeemed, by the blood of the Lamb, never see the prints in his hands, but with a new gush of feeling, they fall down before him, singing, "worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." And when the holy and sovereign God executes his righteous

judgements on his enemies, the whole army of heaven, angels and men, join, as with one heart, and soul, and sing, "hallelujah; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth—Amen, hallelujah." With what profound reverence, and deep humility, do the general assembly and church of the first born, listen to the mighty thunderings, and see the glorious lightnings proceeding from beneath the throne of God, and the lamb! Possibly there are signals of attention to the hosts of the redeemed, that some new glory in the Most Holy is about to be unfolded, and their sweet humility, and obedience, is seen in their rushing, as the sound of many waters, to view the new glory of him that liveth for ever and ever. O there cannot be one grain of pride in heaven; and the existence of it on earth, is a certain demonstration of the entire depravity of the human heart. There, surely, cannot be a more distant feeling from the spirit of heaven than pride—

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

It is delightful to see the birds, and the fishes, sporting in their own element. They feel perfectly at home. So when all those, that are made partakers of the divine nature, shall be brought to heaven, they will be perfectly at home, being prepared for the place, and the place prepared for them. Perfect love will cast out fear; and with cheerful hearts they will forever sing, and love, and praise, and abound in acts of perfect obedience.

I am satisfied, that all the redeemed, in glory, have a distinct recollection of "the deeds done in the body;" for they sing "unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory and honor forever." This is necessary to constitute the humility of heaven—but will it not interrupt its bliss? I know that in this world, when I have done

wrong, and have become sensible of it, I cannot do otherwise than repent, and feel shame on account of it. O how must Joseph's brethren feel every time they look at him, or their father Jacob ? must not a blush arise on their countenances ? They will indeed recollect all that they did—and all that the Lord did, to accomplish the purposes of his mercy ; but the father, and the sons, will turn their eyes towards the midst of the throne, and bow, and adore, feeling equally indebted to sovereign love. And how many will meet together, from different parts of the earth, under the shade of that tree " whose leaves are for the healing of the nations," and while they taste the sweetness of pardoned sin, will bow together, before God, communing with each other, and saying, " not unto us—not unto us—but unto thy name be all the glory." And poor Peter, how must he feel when he sees his Lord ? Should a blush appear on his face, it will add to his beauty—his Lord will indeed

turn again to look upon him—but Peter, will strike his harp on a new key—"Worthy is the lamb that was slain." O I cannot imagine how I shall feel, though I often endeavor to realize how I can see his face, or hold up my head in his presence. I sometimes, think that he will excuse my shedding some tears, while I look on him, whom I have pierced, and see the prints in his hands, received on my account. When he shall say, "come ye blessed of my father,—I shall, surely, be, instantly, on my face ; and an assembled world will know afresh that he is omnipotent, and infinitely gracious, when they shall see that my robes have been washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Thus, though I am convinced I shall have a perfect recollection of the sin of my wasted life ; yet, such is the goodness and wisdom of the God whom I serve, that I believe he will so contrive it, that my sin shall be a means of heightening his glory, and of increasing my own happiness, in making

me more humble forever. In the exercise of which humility, a great part of the happiness of heaven must certainly consist.

NO II.

On the Society and Employment of Heaven.

Since I have taken such a near view of eternity, I have been surprised to find, in many parts of the Scriptures, which I had formerly overlooked, texts which refer to the future world, full of glory and beauty. In my meditations on eternal things I formerly, did not extend my views beyond death, but rested satisfied with the general thought, that they who died in Jesus were supremely blest; and that they who died in unbelief were infinitely miserable. Now, I am convinced that life and immortality are indeed brought to light by the gospel; and that it is proper to notice, all that the Bible teaches concerning the future world. Under the guidance of this blessed book,

and by an eye of faith, I can now cast a thought across the river—can listen to the songs of the redeemed, and admire their unwearied activity, the constancy of their joy, and the infinite variety of their employments. What captivates my mind, is their pure and exalted service—they worship the Most High continually—and while prostrate, cry, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord, God, Almighty, which is, and which was, and which is to come—they serve him day and night in his temple." O with what effulgent glory do all his holy perfections illumine the happy minds of the blessed! I feel overwhelmed with a sense of his awful majesty; yet find him approachable, through the beloved. I am convinced that no flesh, can stand in his presence, but through the atoning sacrifice of Jesus. Through him, the body being safe in the grave, the soul is purified, strengthened, and made an eternal excellency, to the glory of his infinite

name. From the taste I have had, I long for the full fruition. Most earnestly do I desire to see God, and bask in the glory of his mingled perfections, his mercy, and truth, and wisdom, and goodness, until my vessel is filled, and I take my place for eternity. Two sources of high gratification have cheered me, while passing thro' this world—the society with whom I have been associated—and the employments of that society. There is nothing clearer than this, that two cannot walk together except they be agreed, and in this particular, I have been most highly favored, both in Europe, and in America, which I consider one of the happiest circumstances of my life. I believe that even in christian churches, there may, at times, not be many with whom one can perfectly associate. The different cast of mind, stations in life, modes of education, or some small difference of views, on some unimportant subject, keep professors asunder. I have observed that, even among

those who commune at the same table, there are comparatively few who perfectly join in prayer, or praise ; or are so united in their feelings, as to rejoice, or weep together. In meeting with kindred spirits, I have been favored, and, in heaven, expect a higher degree of happiness, of this kind. There David and Jonathan, will not be separated, nor the two disciples, that went to Emmaus, be any more sad. Elijah will no more say, "I only am left alone," nor Paul any more complain of false brethren ; for its inhabitants "shall be all righteous ;" and they shall see eye to eye. While in this world, I think, I could get acquainted much easier with Eliezer, Abraham's servant, than with Abraham himself, who looks so dignified, and whose faith is so strong, that he seems altogether beyond me ; still I feel that I love Abraham. I have known christians, with whom I have become well acquainted, in half an hour—so much so, that we could unite in prayer, and honestly, lay

our hearts open together, before our Father in heaven—such as William Frazer of Wheatland ;* and my friend D. C. Lansing.—And I have known christians, with whom I have been partially acquainted for years, and been with them in conference, and prayer meetings ; yet, could never have intimate communion, or fellowship with them ; still I think I have this mark about me, that I love the brethren ; and when I have discovered in them the temper of Jesus, my soul has been knit to them. But in heaven all will feel as one.

With regard to the employments of those who love our Lord, they cannot live, in this world, without prayer ; nor in eternity without praise. I can remember the hill Mizar, and could mention several times, and places, when the Lord has blest his ordinances in the congregations of his people, and in the social circle—Indeed I can say

* See Appendix B.

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

I think I have sung in the very spirit of the following verse.

"Welcome—sweet day of rest—
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

And not unfrequently at the table of the Lord, have I held sweet commune with him, and with his dear children. O it is a foretaste of the glory, just ready to be revealed;—and how transporting the thought, that I have only to step over into eternity, and find company to my taste, into whose feelings I shall immediately enter, and in whose happy employments, I shall instantly unite? O with what zest will the two disciples, who went to Emmaus, tell over their story of a Saviour's love, while their hearts are burning within them. With what rapture shall the millions of the redeemed, view the

glories of the lamb, and burst into an eternal song of praise? They, and I too, shall as the heart of one man, fall before him, who is seated on the throne, and, in the deepest humility, find our highest happiness in acts of adoration, and praise. In the ordinances of the gospel, the name of the Lord has been "as ointment poured forth," which filled the house with fragrance. O, with what transports of joy, shall I hear his name, when among the just made perfect, I shall be made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light! With what joy, have I, sometimes, discovered a new beauty in the divine law, while reflecting upon the glory of his character, as it shines in the cross of Jesus! O, it has refreshed me for my journey, and in the strength thus obtained, I have travelled many days. In eternity, it shall no more be said, we are "faint yet pursuing;" but we shall see him face to face. "The moon will be confounded; and the sun ashamed, when the

Lord of Hosts shall reign in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before his ancients, gloriously."

With wondering joy I'll recollect
My fears and dangers past,
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
That brought me safe at last.

It is sweetly refreshing only to taste of the brook, but what the full fruition will be, I cannot comprehend. But bowing to thy holy will, I cheerfully wait the signal, and in the mean time, cry, "come Lord Jesus."

The process to obtain humility, in this life, is not very pleasant; but when largely obtained, it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness; and in truth, there can be no honest enjoyment of God, either here, or hereafter, without it. I long for the perfect humility of heaven. I long to take my station as a door keeper, or as any thing else, so that I may but see his face, sing of his love, and bless his name; and thus, while the ages of eterni-

ty are gliding away, my society, and my employments, may be what my soul sincerely loves. Having come to the general assembly, and church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven; and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant; and to the blood of sprinkling; and to God the Judge of all; I shall love and serve him forever—O boundless mercy—"O the heights—O the depths, of the love of God." I am an infinite debtor—I get down, and want to get lower. O wonderful God, do forgive me, if I do wrong in hoping, or expecting, such favours of which I am so unworthy. I do not wonder, that thy children feel, as grasshoppers in thy presence, and less than nothing, and vanity. In the midst of my highest hopes, and brightest prospects, I frequently pray, "O gather not my soul with sinners, as I justly deserve. I fly to "the man that is an hiding place from the storm, and a covert from the tempest;"

and perceive that he, himself, has borne the storm, and therefore, there is hope in Israel, and even in my case.

It appears, that all things in heaven, earth, and hell, are all in motion ; and that a state of inactivity, is contrary to the divine will ; and contrary to the whole course of nature. I am not astonished at the Lord's saying, " why stand ye here all the day idle." It is, indeed, true, that satan always finds something for the idle to do ; and the Bible has established the fact, that an idle man cannot be happy, while the diligent becomes rich, and the liberal soul is made fat. I am fully persuaded, that no idle person can live in heaven—every one has sufficient to do, and in the doing of it, there is great reward. Since coming to the borders of the grave, I have seen so much of the importance of industrious habits, and so much evil in the opposite, that I feel, that could one idle person enter heaven, there would be an object for satan to work

upon; and there would again be war in that blessed world. There cannot be any enjoyment even in this life without activity; and in glory, where there is eternal youth and sprightliness, there is full, and constant, employment, for all the enlarged powers of the mind. Faith is changed into sight, hope into enjoyment, and love is increased and perfected. But eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, what glories the Lord hath prepared for them that love him. O to be with him whom my soul loveth! I have, sometimes, said, "O that thou wert as my brother, then would I kiss thee, yea, I should not be despised." Till I appear in the presence of my Lord, above, I keep wishfully looking upwards, and crying, "why delay the wheels of his chariot.

Any man that looks upon the Sabbath as a day for mere animal rest, knows nothing of the rest intended to be enjoyed in the upper world. Indeed, there can be no enjoyment, on the Sabbath, or on any

other day, in earth, or in heaven, without activity. And I would testify, that some of the sweetest Sabbaths I ever enjoyed, have been those, in which I have been most industriously engaged in the cause of my Redeemer.

Dear Lord, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbath's never end."

NO. III.

On Death.

I recollect to have read of a people, who would catch venemous serpents, extract their stings, and, for a small inducement, carry them in their bosoms. Since I have been on the banks of Jordan, I have so seen the salvation of God, that I often feel like singing victory—victory, through the blood of the Lamb. "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God, who

giveth me the victory through my Lord Jesus Christ." I believe in my heart, that the sting of death is taken away. Turning over the subject again, and again, and viewing it in all its bearings, its antecedents, its concomitants, and its consequences, I verily think, that there is as much evidence of the favor of God in death, as there is in life; and that the promise is as good, as particular, and as strong, that the Lord will be with me through death, as his word, and the consciousness of possessing the character of his children, can make it.

Having lived so much beyond the time, supposed by my physicians and friends, being now June 25, 1831, I take pleasure in anticipating my entering the valley of the shadow of death. Marking the symptoms of my dissolution—my feet getting cold—a fluttering pulse—resperation somewhat impeded—I calmly watch and keep waiting for the light of that morning, when I shall see him whom my soul

loveth. O, to give my Lord a welcome to my heart for eternity! I have already blessed him a thousand times, for the mode of my death. His kindness in this dispensation is beyond comparison—it is so different from all my former fears! It has often occurred to me, that I had failed in my race, when having every advantage for running—and the anxious inquiry of my soul has, frequently, been, what shall I do in the swellings of Jordan? But now, the enemy is kept still, while I am favored with the use of my reason; and the world having become more obscured to my view, I take a wider range, and have clearer perceptions of the substantial reality of eternity. I have been nearly all my life, in bondage, through fear of death—fearful about the mode of it—fearful of the brain fever—delirium, or the like. O happy are they, who can trust their all, soul and body, for time and eternity, in the hands of such a sovereign God! He is always better to those, who trust in him, than

their fears. I am amazed that he can be so gracious, to such a wretch as I am. He seems, as if he had forgotten my wasted life—he never upbraids me with it—but I never can, nor will, forget it, or forgive myself—I do not see how I can through eternity.

And now, I've got permission
To leave this vale of tears,
Thou art my good physician,
At hand to soothe my fears.

And with me in my passage
Thou art, how glad and bold
Do I receive my message—
And let my limbs grow cold.

The imagery employed by our Lord, in his word, about death, is very lovely. It is but a small remove—like going out of one room into another. It is like leaving a dungeon, and passing into a palace of glory. It is a sweet rest, after the labours of the day. With regard to the mode, time, or circumstances, of my death, I believe I have no right to trouble myself;

for I am not my own, and my Lord has kindly undertaken to conduct me through. He has said that he would not leave me in the deep waters. O Jesus of Nazareth, may I honor thee in death—and as I have never gone this way before, may my faith be strong, and the enemy get no advantage over me. I rejoice that thou art weakening my strength in the way. Every thing thou dost, appears to be in perfect kindness—O pity me, Lord, I cannot yet bless thee as I would; but I rejoice at every indication of approaching death, considering it as a sweet token that I shall soon be in good health for eternity. The triumphant state, in which many of my friends, and acquaintances, have left this world, cheers, and encourages, my heart. Since the death of Doct. Payson, I have observed such deaths more than ever. "The ransomed of the Lord have returned, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads. They have obtained joy and

gladness, and sorrow and sighing have fled away." It nourished my very soul to witness the manner in which my beloved friend, Josiah Bissell,* passed from this world to the next. I do not wonder he had an abundant entrance into the haven of rest—He was truly a working christian while with us—he bore the heat, and the burden of the day ; and has now received the crown. Who would not live, act, and pray that they might die, as Josiah Bissell; or as my friend Laura Lansing.† O blessed are the humble for they shall be exalted.

Jesus the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms,
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
If thou art in my arms.

Allow me dear Lord, to look back and review the way thou hast led me, and the experience I have had of thy kindness in the wilderness, thus far.

* See Appendix C. † See Appendix D.

Surely, thou didst captivate my heart, on New Year's day, in 1792. Did I not honestly leave all for thy sake? did I not willingly? yes, cheerfully, surrender myself to thy dictation? and did I not take thy yoke upon me? And although I had no hope, that thou couldst approve, and bless, and put me among thy children; yet thou knowest that I made no stipulation about salvation or heaven. All I desired was to be holy; and that I might never, again, dishonor Thee—O blessed God, was not my sorrow for sin, genuine,—was I not honest, before thee, when I used to sing

Offspring of David, David's root,
The stem of Jesse, Jesse's fruit;
Accept the fruit, the offering see,
The produce of thy grace in me.

Thou, assuredly, didst bless me, as thou dost, only, thy children, on May 6, 1792, the first time, I ever went to thy table. I recall to mind, the glory of thy name, in saying, "O Israel thou shalt not be

forgotten of me"—I remember well the sweets of thy word, "with thee the fatherless find mercy." The saying that "the set time to favor Zion is come," was also very precious to me, about that period. How often, has my soul been as Sisera's, when she looked out of the window, waiting for the chariot of Aminadab, and cried, "why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot"—and the blessed *Fear Nots* of Isaiah, were as a feast of fat things to my soul. I call to mind, when in reading "Gammon's Christ the Christian's Life," how thou didst satisfy me, that thou wast my Father, and I was thy child. I recollect, how often thou didst bless my soul, under the ministration of Thomas Wills, Rowland Hill, William Romaine, John Newton, John Rippon, Abraham Booth, Andrew Fuller, Alexander Waugh, and David Bogue: and, after miserably wasting much of my life, while crossing the

Atlantic, in coming to this happy country, how thou didst assure me, that I should sing again, as in the days of my youth. O who would not fear and love thee. How graciously, didst thou restore my soul, soon after I came to Auburn, under the ministration of the Rev. David Higgins, and especially, in my own room! But while I have a being, I must, and will, bless thee, for the wonders of 1817, when there was a most precious revival, wherein I enjoyed more of the sweets of the religion of the gospel. My repenting appeared to be, afresh, enkindled within me. I got down lower in the dust, and the Redeemer was precious. My youth was renewed like the Eagle's; and I, indeed, sung again, even more than in the days of my youth. The glory of God, overwhelmed me, and I was delighted to lie very low before him—he brought me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love. He appeared to blot out my transgressions

as a thick cloud, and gave me a relish for his favor, which I have never entirely lost. Time would fail me, to mention the loving kindness of the Lord, especially, under the ministry of my beloved D. C. Lansing. I would with pleasure mention two sermons of his—one from Job,—"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes"—the other that I remember, with so much pleasure, was from the Psalms,—"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant." It appeared as if the glory of the Lord filled the house—he made the place of his feet glorious; and he, and his ways, were sweeter than ever to my soul. And as I am advanced in age, and am making my nearings to eternity, I will say to the honor of his name, not one of all the good things which the Lord God hath promised, hath ever failed; and now, the

prospect brightens, that I shall shortly be satisfied when I awake in his likeness. Thy conduct, blessed Lord, in bringing me to this hour of my departure—thy kindness, in the manner of my death—thy treatment while I have been lying here—the taste which thou art allowing me of the grapes from the brook Eshcol—the pleasing calm of my soul, while waiting for thy coming—and the stillness of the enemy—all fill me with holy love, and gratitude. Precious Redeemer thou hast kept the best wine to the last.

Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, alone for my God I avow,
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast help'd me till now.

I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd,
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last,
A sinner so signally lov'd.

I feel like one who has finished his journeyings through the wilderness, and has arrived on the very banks of Jordan. I

admire the hand that, unseen, has kept me hitherto, and looking over on the other side, I direct a longing eye to the place where the divine honor dwelleth. O is it I, who am thus favored? I wonder how the blessed God can put me among his children!—Yet I believe—

These eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that died for me,
And all my rising bones shall say
Lord, who is like to thee.

Expecting the signal every moment, I sometimes look at the clock, and wonder if my Lord will come by such an hour—sometimes, I think I should be pleased to go over on the Sabbath; but would not, on any consideration, desire to go sooner, nor otherwise, than as my Father pleaseth.

The world recedes, it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly;
O grave, where is thy Victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

Allow me, O Lord my strength and my Redeemer, to walk on the high places of the earth, to dwell in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus; and let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight. O it is sweet, to live as seeing him who is invisible—to have the sentence of death in myself, but to be always carrying about with me, in the body, the dying of the Lord Jesus! I know in whom I have believed, and doubt not, but that I am in safe hands for eternity. Jesus, who is the resurrection and the life, is my Lord, and Redeemer; and I know that he will raise me up at the last day.

NO. IV.

On the Writings of Sir Walter Scott.

In the year 1826, I was confined to my room; and suffered much from pain, owing to the shrinking of one of the tendons of my leg. I received much

kindness from my friends, and acquaintance: and the members of my family exerted themselves, for my relief; and tried to alleviate my pain, by diverting my mind from my extreme anguish. My eldest son, to whom, at that time, the world was every thing, offered to read to me some of Sir Walter Scott's writings, thinking it might interest my feelings. Although I had not read much in his works, I was satisfied they contained many beauties, in the eyes of those that never knew a Redeemer's love; but I had no idea that they could afford me any pleasure, in passing through pain, or in the prospect of eternity. He continued, however, to urge upon me his favourite palliative; and as I had heard much of Jenny Deans, I consented to hear him read, "the Heart of Midlothian." As he proceeded, I gave my attention, and did, actually, become interested in it; but when I attempted to pray, I found a painful difficulty in getting near to

God; and when I had sweet access to his mercy seat, I had no heart for Sir Walter. His painting of the goodness of the human heart, was so different from the views, I had of my own—his description of the benevolence of God, was so different from what I had enjoyed, through a precious Redeemer, that I found, reading his works distressed me much. I had endeavored to give up my mind to the subject; and tried to enter into, and enjoy its beauties; but still I found that the more interested I became in it, the less pleasure, I had in going to a throne of grace. I did then, and do now, believe that the god of Sir Walter, is not the God of the Bible; nor the God, by which we shall be judged at the last day. But my son continued to read, till my disorder assumed a very alarming character; and it began to look as if I must soon leave this world. Viewing death as drawing near, I found that I could not endure any more of Sir Walter. O

precious Bible, precious Bible, both for living, and for dying men. And now, July 10, 1831, I would testify, that I think it a poor business to turn from the living God, and go over to the Witch of Endor, for comfort.

I am, decidedly, of opinion, that the works of Sir Walter Scott, have done more injury to the world; and especially, to the youth, than those of any other man, that has lived these fifty years. I was in London, when Thomas Paine wrote his Age of Reason. His previous popularity, induced, almost, every one, to read it; and many pious people became alarmed. I read it, that I might know where to find the enemy; and how to meet him—and I must say that Paine's works never gave me the distressing solicitude, at a throne of grace, that Sir Walter's have. I would rather, at any time, meet an open enemy, than a secret one; and especially, if the latter, as in the present case, professes a great deal of friendship. Paine came out

boldly, an open, and declared, enemy; and did, what could be done, to overthrow the Bible. Perhaps, he has slain his thousands; but, I verily believe, Sir Walter has slain his tens of thousands. His works are so mixt up with truth, and fiction, that there seems to be no dividing line. His fiction is so dressed up, and honied over—the baser passions of the heart, are so entirely changed, covered over, or palliated, that they do not appear to be sin, or any breach of God's law; and thus the most holy and righteous God, is treated with contempt, to gratify the pride of the human heart—But how will this look in the light of eternity! When I see a young man, eighteen or twenty years of age, before his judgement is matured, or his understanding well stored with knowledge, with Sir Walter's works in his hands—captivated by the specious bait, that is laid in his way; I think, in all probability, he is ruined for life. So voluminous are his works, and so ensnar-

ing to the youthful mind, that when one volume is finished, the next is grasped with increased eagerness—and he goes on year after year, fancying that he is improving his taste; while he is, merely, gratifying his vain imagination, and corrupting his heart. Alas! he does not, for one moment, think of the destructive tendency of what he is doing. But look at him, at the age of thirty,—the chief part of his life, best adapted to improvement, is gone; and if he is honest, he will confess, that he has not improved himself in any one subject, that will make him a better man, or a more useful citizen. After a person has lived ten years, on dainties, he has no appetite for plain, wholesome diet. I lament, exceedingly, the injury Sir Walter has done, by poisoning the mind of so many young persons—they are neither fit for husbands, or for wives; and they seem prepared for nothing, but rehearsing empty tales. Little do young men know,

the injury they are doing to themselves, and their country; while they are throwing away that time, which should be devoted to useful study, in reading old wives' fables; or what is certainly no better. By the time a man is thirty, the public expect that he may be of some service to his country; but upon examination, it will be found, that if he has been captivated with such writings as Sir Walter's—that he knows nothing of law, or gospel; of church or state; of affairs, public, or private—the young man has destroyed himself, by improper reading; and now, if at all sensible of his situation; and if he desires to be something; he is in a great bustle—looking here and there, to get some useful information: but it is too late. Not having accustomed himself to study, for so long a time, his mind has lost all elasticity—all its healthful action is gone; and it is perfectly idle, to think of his rising to eminence. So well satisfied am I, of the correctness of

this position, that I am convinced, that the whole world cannot produce one man of eminence, as a divine, a lawyer, a physician, or a mechanician, who has devoted all his leisure hours to works of fiction. A man's character may be judged of by the manner in which he spends his leisure hours—let them be wasted ; and the man is lost. "A wise son maketh a glad father ; while a son that sleepeth in harvest, causeth shame." Blessed be God for the precious Bible. They who honestly, endeavor to cleanse their ways, by taking heed thereunto according to the word of God, shall be kept from error ; and, although they may not be mathematicians, or philosophers, yet, they may, by maintaining a holy, and humble walk with God, glorify their Father who is in heaven—enjoy sweet communion with him—be essentially useful here—and be prepared for heaven.

NO. V.

On Honesty with God.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." In order that we may have any comfort with God, we must have an honest heart, before him; and of this, no one can be judge, so well as the possessor. Men may have whereof to glory; but not before God. In a state of nature, men may do many things, yea, they may do any thing, externally; and verily, they will have their reward. They may pray long, and loud, to be heard and seen of men; and they get their reward—they may blow with a trumpet, when they give alms, or do any other good work; and they have their reward—they may make a great show of religion, when fashionable; make great professions of humility, and deep repentance, to be esteemed of men; and they get their reward—but in all this, there, surely, cannot be any honest

simplicity before God: and it would seem, that the person must know it: although he may be offended, if you suspect his sincerity. The Saviour speaks of a singleness of eye, of an uprightness of soul, of an ingenuous dealing with God, wherein, there is no disguise, no half heartedness, no double meaning, no covering up; but an open, and an honest simplicity, before God. Now, I think, that here is the dividing line, between him that is a Christian, and him that is not. Some struggle, and fret, until they fancy they see, something favorable in God, or in themselves; and embrace a hope, that cannot easily be shaken. The grand thing is wanting; they never were brought, in honesty of soul, to submit to God; neither have they any simplicity of heart before Him; nor any genuine communion with him. The Saviour says, that if any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine: and, no doubt, Paul had a sincere desire to do his will, when

he said, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do"—As soon as he was taught, he went, honestly, to work—He conferred not with flesh and blood—He went to God—"behold he prayeth." He submitted all, into his hands, for time and eternity, without equivocation, or reservation. He felt himself so entirely undone, that he would, as soon have thought of making a world, as of going to God, in his own name. But he went, in the name of Jesus, and found peace to his soul.

There is no way, to get comfort from any promise, or doctrine, without true sincerity of soul, in its application;—but in a hope, thus honestly obtained, there is much pleasure that a stranger intermeddles not with. While we are engaged in the concerns of this world, we are not apt to see the supreme selfishness of our hearts. We spend our time, in providing for our families; and say, in our wisdom, we do not intend to be as the infidel,

who provides not for his own house; while our eyes are closed to things of eternal moment—We go about, self seeking, in self dependence, with self-sufficiency of spirit, and glorying in self. There is a great deal of sacrificing to our own drag. Such is the deceitfulness of the heart, that, if we wish to live as Christians, we must be in continual warfare; and must contend with sin, in every shape. Often, in different parts of my journey, have I been brought to exclaim, "O that I had hearkened to thy commandments; then had my peace been as a river; and my righteousness, as the waves of the sea."

Honesty with God, is the only safe policy, for man. A near view of God, a clear perception of his holiness, with a sweet fiducial confidence in him, are as foretastes of heaven to the soul, that is seeking to be transformed into his image. When I can turn away from the world, from self, and from sin; and

can say, "O Lord thou art my God,—whom have I in heaven but thee—thou art my fortress, my high tower, and my resting place"—I feel, that he is my father—I bless, and adore, him ; and long to be where, without sin, I may serve him forever. But a single suspicion, that I indulge sin in my heart, mars all my joy ; and I cannot do other, than come to him with weeping, and supplication. Peter, under a full recollection of his sin, could, in a short time after his fall, say, "Lord thou knowest all things ; thou knowest that I love thee." He was conscious, that he did not regard iniquity in his heart. He knew, that his repentance was sincere. When he confessed his sin, he forsook it. Enoch's happiness, must have been of the highest order ; when he had this testimony, "that he pleased God." It is the sweetest enjoyment, on this side of eternity, to feel a consciousness, that our hearts, are right

with God; and to know, that what we do, we do as unto the Lord. It is of grace, that we ever have a desire to please him; and the more, we have of this spirit, the more, we shall approximate to his likeness, which, when perfected, must be glory indeed.

I made a profession of religion, for many years, before I began to visit the sick; or to give alms, to the poor, as doing these things unto the Lord. I gave, because others did; or from natural sympathy; or with a view to pacify my conscience. O, I have been slow to learn, what was of so much importance to my own peace; or what might be, truly, useful to others. When partaking, of the Lord's supper, it is sweet to do it, as he bids us, in remembrance of him. Paul, always, carried about in the body, the dying of the Lord Jesus. We may have, what form; or maintain, what doctrines; or join, what church; we

please ; Yet, without holiness, no man shall see the Lord. I take it for granted, that while we discover any thing in God, that we wish were otherwise, we have no true love to him. I think, that when we view his perfections, especially, his sweet holiness, and his entire sovereignty, we shall, voluntarily, get down at his feet; and submit ourselves, cheerfully, to him, for both worlds. He is then, where, of right, he ought to be ; and we, take the place of those who love him ; and where we may hope, for his blessing. He will be all, or nothing; and a soul that lies at his feet, would not, for a moment, think of making reserves ; nor of dividing the heart with God. It is true, that, at first, we only see men, as trees, walking : but if the heart be honest, with God, we shall go on, to know the Lord. When we are brought near, to where we ought to be, our Father is pleased to indulge us with delightful

fellowship—with sweet communion, and, sometimes, with an humble, and tender, freedom, at his throne—yea, with an extatic joy in God, which the world can neither give, nor take away. All that is wanted, to have this, constantly, is to have an honest heart before the Lord. Jesus is the same yesterday, to day, and forever. We are the beings who change; we, let down our watch, and lose our uprightness before him; and thus lose the sense of his favor which is life. O, his loving kindnes is better than life—He sends forth, the spirit of his son, into our hearts, and we cry, "Abba, Father." This is the sweetest feeling in the world. A son goes to his Father, with reverence, it is true; but with a pleasant confidence. He does not even suspect that he does not love his father; and although the father, in his wisdom, may delay, or deny to answer his son; yet, his heart yearns over him, and he will act towards him,

as he thinks best for his interest. True honesty of soul before the Lord, would make us act towards him, as dutiful and affectionate children—would secure his favour—and would make our condition here, to resemble that of the saints in heaven.

APPENDIX.

A.

Mr. Conrad Ten Eyck, of whom Mr. Oliphant speaks, page 68, was his peculiar friend; and a fellow member of the Session of the first Presbyterian Church of Auburn, for a number of years. They were, indeed, kindred spirits; and, almost, daily companions, in devising, and in doing good. Often, did they meet together, to pray for the prosperity of the cause of their common Lord; and for the increase, and purity, of the church, to which they belonged. These men did not expend their religious feelings, in speaking of what might, or ought to be done; or in expressing desires that proved no motives to exertion--while they prayed, they, unitedly, laboured to do what they could

to improve the condition of their neighbours. They felt kindly disposed towards all; and did good to all, as they had opportunity. The needy of all descriptions, claimed their attention. On all proper occasions, they, affectionately, warned and counselled those, that in their view, had no interest in the atoning blood of the Son of God; and relieved the temporal wants, of the needy among them, as they found means to do it—But while they overlooked none, the members of the household of faith, in a special manner, called forth their sympathies, and kind offices. Frequently, did they visit, in company, the abodes of the professors of religion, belonging to their church—inquired, in a prudent, and inoffensive, way, into their temporal, and spiritual, necessities—and exerted their influence to promote their comfort, or their purity, as circumstances seemed to require. They were not idle, in the work, which belonged to them, as officers in the church; and their

memory will be respected, by many, for their acts of piety, and benevolence. Mr. Ten Eyck died Nov. 6, 1826, and on the 8th, of the same month, his funeral was attended, by a large number of the inhabitants of the village.

The following, is an extract from the funeral address, by the Reverend Doctor Lansing, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Auburn, at the time of Mr. Ten Eyck's death.

"Our deceased brother, was a pattern to us, as it regarded the intercourse of social life. You found him in no gay, and frolicsome parties, where the enemies of Jesus and his friends, mingled in mirth, and merriment—He loved the social circle, where prayer, and religious conversation, could be, freely, indulged—He loved to seek out the poor of the flock of Christ, and to administer to their necessities—His friendships were sincere, and ardent—He felt for the church, and, ardently, prayed for its peace and advancement. One day,

in the month of August last, he visited my house, and his soul was overwhelmed, in view of the state of religion among us; and, when we were alone, he gave vent to the feelings of his full heart—he fell into my arms—he hung upon my neck—and he wept like a child—Most deeply, did he feel for the church; and most fervently, did he pray for its prosperity.

His views, and feelings, in a dying hour, were in accordance with the faith, which he professed in life. Possessor of a mind, of more than ordinary strength, and clearness of perception, he took a larger view, than is common, of the great doctrines of grace; and the habit of his thoughts, and feelings, had become so settled on these, that the distress, and consciousness, of his dying hour, did not shake, for a moment, the confidence of his soul. When I asked him, whether he could say with David," the Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice?" He replied, "O yes, I rejoice in God; and commit my soul to

him, for time, and eternity." When near the close of life, he endeavoured to regulate the feelings of his afflicted wife, by saying, "God will do right." Having his attention directed, by one, who was near him, to Jesus, as the resurrection, and the life—he lifted up his eyes, with a most expressive look; and solemnly, and distinctly, said, "He is the way, the truth, and the life."

God has come near to those of us, my brethren, who compose the Session of this church. Why is it, that he has taken one of the most active, and faithful, of our number? Should not each individual of us, inquire whether we have, in all respects, done our duty, as the spiritual overseers of this flock of Christ?"

B.

Mr. Oliphant, often, mentioned with much feeling, the manner, in which he first got acquainted with Mr. William Frazer, of Wheatland, of whom he so

affectionately speaks, page 134; and the sincere friendship, which he, afterwards, had for him. In the fall of 1825, or '6, Mr. Oliphant, with his wife, set out to visit an old friend, of the name of Frazer, who lived in the western part, of the state of New-York. When he arrived, near the place, where, he supposed his friend lived, he inquired for his house; and followed the direction that was given him. When he arrived at the house, to which he had been directed, he found that it was occupied by the family, of a Mr. Frazer; but not of his friend. As it was growing dark, and beginning to rain, he felt that it would be, extremely, inconvenient to pursue his journey. He was disappointed, and for a moment, in doubt, what he should do; but the kind invitation, of the strangers, to continue with them, through the night, led him to conclude, that he would accept of their invitation. Supper was soon prepared, and Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant sat down to partake of it. Mr. Oliphant,

asked a blessing—this was observed, with great interest, by his host; who was led from this circumstance, to speak on some religious subject, and was encouraged, by the remarks of Mr. Oliphant. In a few minutes, Mr. Oliphant, and Mr. Frazer, felt no longer, as strangers; and the evening passed, in the most cheerful, and unreserved, christian conversation. When the hour of worship arrived, the family was assembled; and the order, and decency, in which every thing was done, delighted Mr. Oliphant. Worship was commenced with singing. Mr. Frazer, then took the Bible, in his hands; and intreated the Lord to accompany the reading of his word, with his blessing—he then read a chapter—after this, he asked, each of his children, to repeat what was recollected of the chapter, which had been read—they obeyed; one, repeating one part; and another, another,—From the portion, which each child repeated, was he addressed, in a practical way, by the father

—these parts of the family service being ended, Mr. Oliphant was asked, to lead in prayer. As usual, he addressed the throne of grace, with much feeling, freedom, and pertinency. The hearts of Mr. Oliphant, and Mr. Frazer became, as one, and from this evening the most intimate and sincere, friendship existed between these christian brothers. After this, Mr. Oliphant, frequently, visited Mr. Frazer; and during his last sickness, when he felt that death was near, he wrote to him, giving an account of his views, and feelings, in the prospect of entering the eternal world. No answer to this letter did he ever receive, but while he lived, he often spoke, most tenderly, of his friend, William Frazer, of Wheatland.

C.

Mr. Oliphant, being himself, a man of active piety, he took a peculiar pleasure in those who were publicly engaged in doing good. Of this description, was Mr.

Josiah Bissell. He was, as Mr. Oliphant called him—a "working christian." In all the religious enterprises of the day, he was distinguished. Having expanded views of the work which christians are, in the present age, called to perform, he devised, and undertook great things.—His own benevolent spirit, may have led him, at times, to overrate the pious feelings of those around him, or their willingness to co-operate in his noble undertakings. From this he experienced embarrassment—but he was never discouraged. In the midst of a plan to increase his means of doing good, the Lord saw fit, in his wise and righteous providence, to bring all his labours, in this world, to a close. For some time, his health had been declining, but he was now, suddenly, seized with bleeding at the lungs, which soon ended his active life. Although this attack was violent, he did not apprehend immediate death. Being engaged in a work, which he supposed

was, intimately, connected with the honor of religion, he did not at first, think that the Lord would remove him, before it was finished—But when he discovered, that it was the will of God, that he should cease from his labours, and give an account of his stewardship, he cheerfully submitted—to those around him, he gave the strongest evidences of genuine piety—and left the world, in the sweetest assurance of entering into the joy of his Lord.

D.

Laura Lansing, was the wife of the Rev. D. C. Lansing, D. D. Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Utica. She died March, 6, 1831. Her triumphant death, to which Mr. Oliphant alludes, page,146, was detailed to him, in a letter from Doctor Lansing, dated March 11, 1831, from which the following extract is, here given, "Such a death I never saw. I have seen, and heard of extacy

and it has almost always awakened a fear, that there may have been some exciting cause, other than clear, and consistent, views of God, and his glory; but in the death of my dear wife, there was a calm, solemn, and placid feeling—an unruffled emotion of love, and confidence—a holy, deliberate, resting of soul on Jesus Christ, which made all, who looked upon her, afraid. There was an angelic, and heavenly mildness, and softness of expression, in her countenance; blended with a holy solemnity, and a soul sustaining faith, that produced emotions, in those who beheld her, that can be felt, but cannot be described. She seemed to me, in the strength of Jesus, to close in upon the king of terrors, for the last struggle, with such calm deliberate confidence, that we saw, what, under the circumstances, we expected, the cruel tyrant, prostrate, and silent, at her feet. She repeated with great solemnity and composure, the following stanza:

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

She prayed for every thing, and every body. Expressed no concern for husband, or children; but said she could, without the shadow of fear, commit both to the hands of Jesus Christ.

O, how I was filled with astonishment, and comfort! How wonderful to see a trembling woman, through the power of faith, lay the monster low. She spoke much of Jesus as the rock of her salvation. She repeated more than twenty times—"He is my rock." At the close of my last prayer with her, I began to repeat the words of Hotham—After I repeated the first line—

Jesus lover of my soul—

She instantly repeated the second,

Let me to thy bosom fly—

and stopped, and looked at me, as if she was waiting to have me repeat the third,

which I did—when she followed with the fourth. I took the fifth, and she feeling the appropriateness of the remaining three, to her own case, repeated them in succession. This scene was followed with expressions of confidence in Jesus, at once overwhelming, and melting to the soul."

FUNERAL SERMON.

FUNERAL SERMON.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.—Psalm cxvi. 15.

Death is at all times, and in whatever light it may be viewed, a subject that affords solemn and interesting reflections. Were we not called to witness the effects of its triumphs so frequently (the very reason why it should most deeply affect us,) it is scarcely possible to conceive of the feelings that it would produce in our minds. Were the instance that has called us together to day the first that had ever fallen under our observation, how full of interest would be the train of reflections, it would naturally excite. Still, if we undertake to discover wherein it is less solemn, or less interesting, on account of

the frequency of its occurence, we shall find it a question not the most easy to solve. The reflections, occasioned by instances of death, are usually affecting and impressive in proportion to the nearness of its approach, and the tenderness of the ties which it severs. There is scarcely an office to which we are called in life, that throws a deeper gloom over every thing earthly, than to convey the remains of our friends or relatives to the grave.

We are called this afternoon, in the providence of God, to perform this duty to one who not only sustained these tender and affecting relations, but who has long sustained an important office in the church, and to whose labors and prayers, it will doubtless be found to have been greatly indebted.

When we watch the progress of disease upon a dying friend, till his strength is overcome and his soul takes its departure, we seem to have followed him to the very

door of the spiritual world. And while we gaze upon his lifeless remains, we cannot rid ourselves of the impression, that the active and immortal spirit, that had made this clay its habitation, has but just passed from our company and our sight. From this point it is not the work of a moment to retrace our steps, and regain, in our feelings, our former distance from the coming world. There is something kind, and yet awfully impressive, in the influence we may derive from providences like these. It is as though we were taken by the hand, and conducted thus near to the door of the eternal world, to give us the fairest opportunity to test our confidence in God, and our willingness to obey him when he shall summon us to appear before his bar. Here, upon this high, this "vantage ground," let us view ourselves as standing this afternoon. To do this we shall be the better able, as our deceased brother, and friend, while viewing himself, (as it is known that he has for the

year past,) as standing at the door of death, has prepared, with his own hand, some reflections for this occasion.— While he has been waiting for the coming of his Lord, he has, at the request of his friends, given his own views of his past life, his recent experience, together with his views of death and the future world; and he has expressed a desire, that on this occasion, they might be read in their hearing.* Of the reasonableness of gratifying that desire, no individual that knew him, or shall hear his reflections, it is believed, can have a doubt. As our friend can address us personally no more in this world, let the remarks he has prepared for us, on this occasion, be heard as coming from that world to which he has gone. My own remarks on this occasion you will perceive must be very brief.

* Parts of what he had written, and of what is contained in the foregoing pages, selected by himself, were read by a member of the session, immediately after the delivery of this discourse.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—To adopt the sentiment contained in these words to this occasion, I shall attempt to show briefly,

I. That death, when viewed in itself, is gloomy and appalling.

II. In a few remarks, I shall show why it is, that the death of the saints is precious in the sight of the Lord.

Death affords gloomy reflections, on account of the pains with which it is usually attended. Although the body is the mere habitation of the mind, while in its present state, such is the connexion between them, that they cannot be taken asunder, in most cases, without anguish or pangs that are unutterable. It is this, together with its effects or consequences, that render it the "king of terrors."

It affords in itself gloomy reflections, because it puts an end to all the enjoyments of the present life. All that pleasure that is derived from the gratification of the bodily appetites and propensities—all that is derived from contemplating in

visionary prospects, success in accumulating wealth—and all that is the effect of worldly honor, or momentary applause, is terminated forever when death arrives. There is no rendezvous for pleasure—there is no opportunity to gratify ambition, by promoting a private interest in that world to which it will conduct us.

Death affords solemn reflections, because it is unavoidable. Whatever may be our age, or circumstances, or character, the sentence of God is irrevocable, "From dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Other evils it is possible to evade, but in this case the decree has gone forth, and "there is no discharge in that war." However fearful or overwhelming will be the sound of his footsteps, when death comes to remove you to the presence of your Judge, he is not to be put off for a moment.

Death has no respect to circumstances or persons. There are none too young or delicate—there are none too pious or useful to fall beneath his rude and unfeeling

hand. If you stand at the head of a numerous and dependent family, or if you are an only child, and the hopes and expectations of fond and aged parents rest upon you, or if the publick eye has marked you for some high and useful station—ready or reluctant—prepared or unprepared—when death shall call, you must obey.

The time of his coming is uncertain. As he is not to be evaded, so he may come when he is least expected. There are no circumstances in life, in which it is possible to calculate, with any certainty on the time of his coming. If we are wasting away by degrees under the influence of a consumption, or any other disease that is commissioned to remove us, it must remain entirely uncertain, till the moment arrives, when it shall accomplish its work. Now in this uncertainty there is something, especially to such as have their hearts and expectations upon the interests of this world, gloomy and painful, beyond

what language can ever describe. That we should be subject to a change as painful to endure, and as deeply affecting our immortal interests beyond the grave, as this, and not be able to form the least suspicion concerning the time, is a fact that so deeply and painfully affects the mind, as that it can never be reconciled to the character of a kind and merciful Creator, except by believing the doctrine of a future and endless existence. In that case, the great design of our being is so much affected by our conduct in the present life, that this uncertainty becomes a powerful inducement not to neglect, for one moment, what God has revealed to be our duty. By this uncertainty, he proclaims in a manner most solemn and impressive the danger of neglecting to make our peace with him. Wherever we go, and however animating our prospects with regard to the present world may be, without a moment's warning, we may find ourselves in the world of spirits, with the scenes of the Judgment before us.

Death closes, at his coming, all opportunity to secure the immortal happiness of the soul. It is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment. The present life bears every mark of a state of trial. Its uncertainty and its various evils, together with the crimes that we too often witness, show that the righteous and the wicked are to remain together to be separated, only, at the great and decisive day. The field is the world, and the end of it is the harvest. The decision of the Bible is, that we are to be judged "according to the deeds done in the body." On the improvement we make of the present life, hangs the endless destiny of our souls—But—

II. The death of the righteous is precious in the sight of the Lord—

Because there is a glorious conquest of truth and holiness over sin, then, completed. The cause of holiness is the cause of God. The great work in which he is engaged, is to overcome, by the instrumentality of truth, the influence of sin, and

bring the soul into perfect obedience to his commands. While in the present life, in the heart of the christian, this work is progressive—he is sanctified by degrees. There is a continued contest between the powers of darkness, and of light, for the highest seat in his affections. The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, but at death the contest will be at an end. There is no reflection that throws on the mind of the christian a heavier, and more unaffected grief, than that he is liable to wander, and does often so wander from the path of duty, as to bring dishonor upon the precious name of Jesus Christ. On this account, he often contemplates the period himself, when he shall be placed beyond the reach of temptation, with feelings of high exultation and delight. He often cries out with an Apostle, O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? and he counts it a great deliverance if his faith enables him again to say, "I thank God through our Lord Je-

sus Christ." The alternate triumphs and defeats ; the consequent joys and sorrows of the christian's course, can only be known by experience.

"The waves of trouble, how they roll;
How loud the tempest roars:
But death shall land each weary soul
Safe on the heavenly shores."

The death of the righteous, therefore is precious in the sight of God, because it is the end of all their sorrows. God loves his people with a love that is stronger than death. They are dear to him as the apple of his eye. Possessing as they do, remaining unholy affections, they are subject to many of the trials and afflictions of other men, while their prevailing love for holiness, and the cause of God, often occasions sorrows and trials to which others are total strangers. He often lays upon them the severest trials, because he would wean them from the world. He is not insensible to their pain. "He does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the chil-

dren of men." But all these trials, of every kind, will terminate when death appears. Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.

"His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye:
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

The Lord delights in the death of the righteous because it is the gate which admits them to behold the beauty, and enjoy the bliss, of the heavenly world. Such are the preparations he has made to give them rest from the agitations and rebellion of this ruined world, and to place them where he may unfold to their astonished and captivated minds, forever, the mysteries of his character and providence; and the separation of soul and body is an event so painful, that he is pleased when the last pang has ceased, and they have arrived at their eternal home. It has not entered into the heart of man to conceive the joys that are prepared for them that love him. How unfit for enjoyments like these, will they

continue to be, so long as they inhabit these corrupt and frail bodies! How great must be that deliverence—how glorious that transition—when their immortal minds are taken from these scenes of trial and temptation, and they find themselves in the presence of God and the Lamb, where themes of increasing interest and glory, shall inspire new songs of love and praise, while everlasting ages roll away? Here, it is often a severe struggle with the righteous to overcome the varied and numberless temptations with which they are beset; but there, this vile body will no more ensnare them, and their perfect and capacious spirits, filled with the fulness of God, shall have discoveries and joys beyond what an angel could describe. The more they see of the beauty and equity of the law—and of the support and honor it receives from the blood of Christ, the more they will catch the spirit, and enter into the views, of that song that "more than filled heaven," and rolled down upon the earth at the birth of Christ—Glory to God

in the highest, on earth peace and good will toward men.

The death of the Saint is precious in the sight of God, because it is a glorious display of the conquests of his Son. By his own resurrection from the dead, he has inspired his followers with the hope of a blessed immortality to come, which is as an anchor to the soul. He has burst the bands of death, and broken the doors of his prison. By his spirit and his presence he often gives to his people a faith, by which they overcome all their fears of death and hell. It was this that enabled Paul to state, as he did to his brethren at Philippi, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Paul was not alone in the exercise of that faith that triumphed over death, and all the enemies of the soul. Thousands and thousands have been supported by it to a Martyr's stake, and have rejoiced and sung praises to God in the midst of the flames. Now this trust and confidence in God, by his people, in

these circumstances, is on many accounts an honor to his cause on earth, and this cause is dear to him as it is the price of the Saviour's blood. He will sooner divide the sea and stop the sun in his course, than suffer it to be destroyed. In what circumstances can christians be placed where their testimony can be as important to the cause of Christ, as at that period, which more than any other in this world, "tries men's souls?" To see them humble and yet calm and confident, when the scenes of death and the darkness of the grave are distinctly before them, what can do more to inspirit his friends and fill his enemies with terror? If they are ever candid or honest—if they are ever stripped of pride and all dependence upon themselves, it is at that hour. That men, when every other support is taken from them, will reach with apparent earnestness for the hopes and supports of the gospel, is to be expected. So numerous are the cases in which such men who have been spared, after they feared that the fatal hour had

come, and have returned to their former course,and shown that their fears and their passions only had been excited, that the cause God from their testimony derives but little advantage.

It is such as have given a cheerful and willing service when in health, whose lives are "a living epistle read of all men," whose confidence, at that hour, is an honor to the cause of God. What honor is it to the cause of Christ, if a man's faith, and submission, and hope of heaven, is first announced in his funeral sermon? But if a man has given himself in an everlasting covenant to God, when not affected by the fear of death, and has derived his support and happiness from his service, it is an honor to his cause if, when he arrives at Jordan's boisterous stream, he can gird up his loins, and with cheerfulness and confidence venture in. God delights to have his people confide in him, in the darkest and most trying scenes that the appearance of death can ever create.

IMPROVEMENT.

1. Our subject presents a powerful evidence of the truth of the gospel.

Death, it will not be denied is one of the most fearful and appalling evils that men are called to endure. As a general principle, they will face any other in order to escape from this. But the gospel of Jesus Christ shows us,how,that death may be seen to exhibit the wisdom and mercy of God. If we look at the circumstances of the christian, we cannot conceive of a greater kindness than that which God bestows upon him, by the hand of death. It is the kind messenger that is sent to release his weary and burdened spirit, and admit him to those peaceful and holy mansions, that he has held in the eye of faith, and for which he has had the most ardent and increasing aspirations. There is no wonder that Paul, who knew that believers have a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens, and who, while in the flesh, earnestly desired to be clothed

upon with that house which is from heaven, considers death as forming a part of that rich inheritance that is bequeathed to the children of God. "Whether life or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours." But if the gospel be rejected, and the views it gives of the character and designs of God in the creation of the world, how can death be reconciled with the character or government of a merciful or just being? It is so undeniably regardless of character, and every thing that men hold dear, if we look only at the present life, it is impossible to conceive how God can be a just and holy being. Either the moral character of God must be given up, or we must believe the doctrines of a future existence as supported by the gospel.

2. If the death of the righteous is precious in the sight of the Lord--then there is a difference between things when viewed in themselves, and when viewed in connection with other things. In the death of the christian there is nothing which in

itself considered is pleasing in the sight of God. But when it is viewed in connection with the benefits the saint derives from it—his release from the sufferings and trials of the present life—his admission to the joys of the upper world, and the displays of wisdom and mercy which will be made in his eternal redemption, there is much in it with which he is pleased. On this principle we may doubtless see why it is that so much is allowed to exist in the present world that is opposed to every feeling in the mind of God. "He does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men," and yet "afflictions do not spring from the dust, nor troubles rise by chance." David had a strong assurance that in the afflictions he experienced, he saw the faithfulness and compassion of a tender Father. "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." There is something peculiarly delightful, and kindly adapted to sustain the mind under all the

trials of life, in this view of the providence of God. In those things which in themselves are most painful, and which do most toward destroying the enjoyment that is derived from the present world, the God of providence is seen in an attitude of greater tenderness and mercy, than in any other event. As the loyal and affectionate child, who surveys the period of his childhood, after he has arrived at the years of maturity and discretion, and examines the influence of a father's care and training in forming his principles and habits, can see more kindness, and greater evidence of paternal affection, in the corrections that healed his waywardness, when gentler means had failed, and which were never inflicted upon him, without producing a throb of anguish in a father's heart, than in all the caresses and presents he received from a father's hand; so the child of God, when he remembers, that "whosoever his father loves he chastens," and the object for which he chastens, he sees in all the

disappointments, pains and trials of his past life the strongest indications that he can gather from the whole of a kind and righteous providence, that he is an object of a father's love.

3. What a difference between the death of the righteous and of the wicked! With the wicked, it is the termination of all their pleasures, and all their joys. It is a fact of which themselves are conscious, that their enjoyment in this world, is derived from the gratification of their bodily appetites, and in view of their earthly interests. For such enjoyments there cannot be in the future world the least opportunity. The body will be laid in the dust, and there will be no opportunity to gratify a vain ambition, by amassing wealth or promoting a private interest. With them, death will put an end to all enjoyment, either in possession or in prospect. While with the righteous, it is the close of all their trials and sorrows, and the commencement of pure and holy joys, of which, while in the present world

they had but a feeble and imperfect conception. When they leave the body, they leave that by which they have been more often, and more powerfully beset with temptations than by any thing else. They go to enjoy the unmolested contemplation of objects, a feeble glimpse of which has given them the highest and purest enjoyment they have ever tasted in the present world.—With the wicked, the most important period of their eternal existence, that on which their immortal interests most depend, at death will have passed away, never to return. For the very reason that the present is a state of trial, there cannot be any other. When this is wasted away, the only opportunity to secure the favour of God, and the provisions that infinite wisdom and mercy have made for the immortal spirit, will have closed for ever. The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death. With what reluctance and horror, men, whose affections are upon the interests of the present world, are driven away

when some irresistible disease is commissioned to remove them? It is not strange that wicked men, who have been instructed, and whose views upon this subject are correct, like Balaam, universally desire to die the death of the righteous, and to have their last end like his. Most men have a conviction whether they have chosen God for their portion, or the world, and there are no circumstances when the effects of this choice are more apparent than at the hour of death. The attempt has been often made, to contrast the death of the righteous with that of the wicked—to show the peace, tranquility and support in their case, in consequence of their confidence in God, and the brightness of their future prospects, when compared with the unutterable regret, the chilling, the hope-exterminating impression, that all that is sweet and pleasant to the soul is left behind, in the case of the wicked. But after all these descriptions, there is upon every honest mind impressions created by the word of God, the only telescope we have

for the future world, more appalling than human language can ever exhibit. On the death of the righteous, a God of infinite mercy and kindness can look with pleasure and satisfaction; but on the death of the wicked, as he has rejected the counsels and the compassion of God—as he utterly refused the only method of escape from the demands of Justice, that God could devise—as he goes to reap the wages of sin in a state of unutterable retribution, there is no being, except it be the prince of darkness, that has a feeling of pleasure or gratification, when he is removed.

4. How little occasion have we for mourning, when our friends who have left us, have died in the triumph of faith? Shall we grieve at that upon which God looks with feelings of pleasure and satisfaction? Shall we mourn when we have reason to believe, that through rich and effectual grace, our friends have turned the scale for ever in their own favour—have passed the only point, where, through the

eternity of their being, they were exposed to the arrest of Justice and her prison of despair, and are already tuning their golden harps for the everlasting song? Can we request them to lay down their harps and return to these scenes of disappointment, ingratitude and rebellion? Can we, to gratify a set of feelings created and nourished too much by a want of confidence in God, regret that they have gone to dwell with him, whose presence lighted up their animating and supporting hopes, and kindled in their cold hearts the fire of love, and drew them over to his own interests in the present life? Can we for one moment withhold a gem from the crown of Jesus, or a voice from the eternal song, or a lively stone that God has fitted for that upper temple, in which the ineffable glories of his character will be displayed during the endless ages of the future world?

This subject must afford reflections of a consoling and supporting character to those who by this instance of death, are

called to mourn. You have been conducted, my friends, far from your native land, to experience the trials of life, and the afflictions of this day, but in all the ruggedness of the path, and the hardships of the way, you may see the compassion of a wise and tender Parent. The way, by which he has brought you, has doubtless sometimes appeared dark and rugged, and the cup presented you to-day is bitter and painful, yet when you look at the mercies that have been scattered through the whole of your journey, and especially at those that are mingled with this bitter cup, what is there in the whole that you would alter, if it were in your power. How sweet and how consoling is the thought, that the trials with the people of God, in nt life, are their greatest mercies. ch more delightful and eternally g will be your meeting, if you follow the example of your deceased father, and friend, in yonder world, than if you had known nothing of the trials and sorrows of the present life ?

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